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BY PAUL O'NEIL





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SPORTS



COVER: JOHN LANDY
Photograph by Mark Koenigsmann

Reprinted from page 12

For a handful of runners, the four-minute mile is now the new standard. But for the smiling young man with the picture stride and the green emblem of Australia on his chest who graces this week's cover, it will always be peculiarly his own; John Landy has now been under the magic mark six times. For Paul O'Neil's account of how Landy got that way, and of his most recent race in Fresno, Calif., see page 12.

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ANOTHER BIG WEEKEND

It hardly seemed possible, but for the second straight week athletes everywhere united themselves. Here with a brief summary and a report on two remarkable pitching performances—one of them Carl Hubbell's no-hitter.

11

A MAN CONQUERS HIMSELF

It has been many years since a striking sportsman captured the hearts and affections of the U.S. public as thoroughly as Australia's John Landy during his fortnight in California. Paul O'Neil tells you about it—and about this most thoughtful and dedicated of runners.

12

SPECTACLE: BRONCO ON THE HILL

California's daring maturotyfists (In Color) by RY FERRIN with a treatise on the art by ARN HANSENMAN

14

PART I: THE ULTIMATE STORM

A man and his ship fight for survival in a Roaring Forties gale. A new classic by WILLIAM A. HANSENMAN

30

THE DOGS' DOG SHOW

In four pages of color pictures, JERRY COOPER shows why the Morris and Kears is a canine favorite.

59

THE HOON KREEK KIDS

They may all be Texas oil millionaires, but in their hearts they're just "trim" fishermen. By HOLDS MARKER

66

THE DEPARTMENTS

- **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 29
- **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 31
- **SCOREBOARD** 34
- **COMING EVENTS** 35
- **THE OUTDOOR WEEK** 37
- **THE 15TH HOLE** 38
- **PAT ON THE BACK** 39

- **Holbox:** JERRY JEWELL asks: Would you go to sea (a) and if there were no anti-malarial netting? 4
- **Boxing:** MARTIN KAHN adds another exciting episode to boxing's big serial story—"Floyd Patterson's Triumph" or "How the IBC signed him Up After All" 46
- **Baseball:** ROBERT CRAMER weighs the Cincinnati Reds and the western threat in the National League. Also X-Ray—the most analytical of current baseball forms 44
- **Horse Racing:** WHITNEY TOWNE discusses this week's Preakness and decides that Derby Winner Needles may need all his usual racing luck if he is to beat Fabius at the shorter distance 45
- **Boating:** ERIC BOWEN reports on the Cornell crew's victory in the eastern sprint championships, and speculates on the upcoming Olympic tryouts 49
- **Tip from the Taps:** JIMMY PALMER with some useful hints on how to simplify putting 50



IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: THE INDIANAPOLIS 500

New cars and new faces heighten the brickyard's classic drama. Here they are, including that Italian sensation, the Ferrari

FRED HUTCHINSON'S ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

People laughed when Frank Lane told St they'd finish third this year. But they're the surprise team of the National League



HOTBOX

The Question:

Would you go to see jai alai if there were no pari-mutuel betting? (Asked at the Miami and Dania, Florida, jai alai frontons.)



RANDALL H. CHRISTMAS

Mayor of Miami



Yes. Jai alai is one of the fastest sports in the world, as fast as the popular game of hockey. As played in Miami, it is a very colorful game, with 95% of the players coming from Spain, Mexico and Cuba. Wagering is merely an added attraction. Our boys in Miami are now playing the game.

MRS. WILLIAM J. CREANE

Miami



Yes, but not as frequently. True, jai alai is a great game, but we all feel the lure of a gamble. To place a wager on such superlative athletic odds much appeal to the game, from a woman's point of view. You just look at a magnificent athlete and say to your escort, "I'll bet on him!"

S. ROGER WOLIN

*Miami
Official, Pan-
American Airways*



Yes. It's the fastest game in the world. People flock here from every section of the country, go to see jai alai, and become great fans. Some become accustomed to modest betting, but the majority of visitors don't bet at all. We don't bet at baseball games. And jai alai is much faster.

H. EARL CHALLEY

*Miami
President, Central
Car Rental System*



Yes, because I enjoy a game which is so terrifically competitive. Jai alai is an evening sport, one of the first things my northern friends want to see. I enjoy taking them because they are so impressed. The girls who collect bets at your seat add color and interest.

FRANK M. STEVENS

*New York
President
Catering company*



Yes, just as I would continue going to horse races if there were no betting, because jai alai is a great sport. I've watched spectators at jai alai frontons. Few of them were betting. They were intent on the successive games. That's because jai alai is faster than hockey.

DR. RALPH E. FERGUSON

*Miami
Physician,
City Commissioner*



No. Jai alai and horse racing would both die without gambling. Furthermore, Florida operates on the pari-mutuel machine. Actually, Dade County, keeps Florida going. Just try banning these machines and see what would happen to our tourist business.

BOB HOUSTON

Mayor of Dania



Yes, because the skill of the players and the excitement of the sport is the chief appeal of jai alai. It requires years of practice and top conditioning to acquire the skill necessary to be a top jai alai player. To some who are good judges of athletic ability, wagering adds interest.

T. HAROLD NALORISSE

*Philadelphia
Sales manager*



Yes, because there is more action than in baseball or basketball. Cuban jai alai is even more fascinating. It's so fast that players are given shots of brandy to keep them going. When one slips and falls, attendants immediately wipe the sweat from the floor so others won't slip.

DR. VINCENT A. HARDIELLO

*New York Racing
Commission physician*



No. Jai alai is a foreign game played by foreigners. There is no personal interest in the players as there is in baseball and football. There are no losses, and little cheering. You pick and bet on the players by names and numbers, as you do the horses. And they disappoint you as frequently.

continued on page 4



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JIMMY JEMAIL

continued from page 4

JACK HOPFED



*Sportsman
Miami Herald*

I have done it many times in Havana and Mexico City. We sport demands more of a competitor in skill, timing, position play and stamina than Jai alai. Covering a 200-foot court requires top speed and great stamina. You'd think a man would wear out fast, but they go on longer than any other sport. Rafael Mirra, greatest of all time, dropped dead on the court at the age of 34, with 44 years of pro play behind him. I have never known a group who were finer gentlemen or had a keener competitive instinct. I could watch the continuing thrills without getting a dime. But, when you have a few dollars riding, the blood pressure reaches new highs.

DANIEL W. REEPE



*Fortitude, N.Y.
Vice-president
McCann-Erickson Co.*

Definitely not. Jai alai is not a good sports spectacle. The game resembles handball, with the same play over and over again. It bores me. Even with parimutuel betting, it isn't too appealing. You don't know the players and you bet on one as if he were a horse.

RAY BOYLE



*New York
President, Newspaper
Reporters Assn.*

That's like asking if I would go to Belmont Park for the sun, Las Vegas for the stage shows or the Kentucky Derby for a mint julep. The game calls for a wager. Its popularity is due to the parimutuel. Jai alai would be well received in New York if properly controlled and directed.

NEXT WEEK:

*How would you compare
increases with football?*

SPORTS

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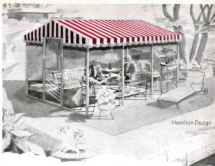
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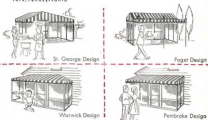
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



WHILE MEN still challenge the sea, with its calms and tempests, beauty and fury, there will always be more to tell and more worth telling. In this issue, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** publishes the first of two parts of *The Ultimate Storm*, a truly gripping story of seamanship and human courage from a book by William Albert Robinson. To the *Great Southern Sea*, which Harcourt, Brace will publish next week.

One of the foremost living authorities on sailing the high seas, Robinson has become almost a legend among deep-water mariners. His first book told of circumnavigating the earth in the 32-foot ketch *Sloop*, the smallest craft ever to accomplish the feat under its own sail. His second reported an expedition to the Galapagos Islands which nearly ended in tragedy as Robinson developed a ruptured appendix and was saved by a miracle.

While recovering, he returned to Tahiti, the island he had fallen in love with when he stopped there during *Sloop's* round-the-world voyage. This time he meant to stay. "But," he writes in his latest introduction, "a strong New England conscience kept whispering that I must do something more serious with my life."

He came back to this country to build ships. As he built he also sailed, until Pearl Harbor turned his small Ipswich shipyard into a 24-hour-a-day factory for minesweepers and submarine chasers. Robinson's sailing reduced itself to residence in the shipyard basin aboard his unfinished dream ship, a composite brigantine named *Venus*.

With the war over, he liquidated his shipyard, returned to Tahiti for good on the still uncompleted *Venus*. Then in 1961 he sailed her from Tahiti on the 15,000-mile Pacific voyage which is the subject of the book from which *SI* has taken *The Ultimate Storm*.

"Deep down," Robinson writes (page 38), "I knew that I had never seen the ultimate in storms, when my ship and I would be put to the final great test. And deep down I always wondered how, when it happened, we would meet it."

It is a story, which I believe will quickly rank—for narrative excitement, for understanding of water and ships and man's place on them—among the classics of sailing.

Harry Phillips



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by Paul Curran

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for men of action

ENCORES TO REMEMBER



CURVE BALL BLANKED GIANTS FOR ERKINE

By the law of averages, the weekend should have been a breather, a time for savoring and digesting the dramatic events of the weekend before: Bailey beating Lundy, Needles winning the Derby, Dave Nine setting a world record in the 220-yard low hurdles, Don Ferrarese of Baltimore striking out 13 men in his first major league start. . . .

Then, for the second time in eight days, John Lundy ran a mile in under 4:00. Dave Nine broke another world record—in the 220-yard dash. Don Ferrarese beat the powerful Yankees with a two-hitter that was a no-hitter until the ninth. Meanwhile, just a subway ride away in Brooklyn, Carl Erskine was beating the Giants with the second no-hit game of his career.

The weekend that should have been a breather had turned out to be a spectacular, spine-tingling encore.



FIRST BALL WAS JUMPING FOR FERRARESE

... IN FLATBUSH

NOTHING SPECIAL, not even wildfire, like the news that a pitcher has a no-hit game going for him. In New York, on Saturday, May 12 the word was being passed from cab driver to doorman to elevator operator that the magic spell was on at not one, but two of the big city's ball parks. People at their television sets switched from Yankee Stadium to Ebbets Field and back again and yelled across courtyards and down air shafts: "How about that Ferrarese? How about that Erskine?"

It was more than a local matter in Brooklyn. A coast-to-coast television audience was watching the drama unfold, thanks to the happy chance that made CBS select Ebbets Field as the scene of its Game of the Week. At the same itself were 24,588 fans, who began to sniff a no-hitter when a couple of great catches by Jackie Robinson and Carl Pardo saved Erskine from disaster in the fourth. From that point on, the feeling grew that luck and a puzzle of a slow curve were with the little right-hander this afternoon.

Carl needed more luck in the ninth and got it. With one out, the Giants trailing 3-0, Whitey Lockman sent the first pitch soaring high into right for what looked like a sure home run. But at the last instant, the ball hooked and went foul by a few feet. Lockman then grounded out, and so did Alvin Dark. As the crowd exploded, Dodger President Walter O'Malley—caught in the excitement—dashed off a \$500 bonus check to Carl Erskine for the second no-hitter of his career.

... IN THE BRONX

IN SHUTTING out the Yankees 1 to 0 on two hits, 26-year-old Don Ferrarese of the Baltimore Orioles pitched a ball game that had more than one ironic aspect to it. First of all, Ferrarese was having his innings at the expense of an old benefactor named Casey Stengel, who, as manager of Oakland in the Pacific Coast League, gave the young left-hander his first chance in baseball.

However, as Casey Stengel himself would admit, an ironic aspect is something that works two ways. So it was with Don Ferrarese. Going into the ninth with his no-hitter, Don found himself looking, ironically, at Andy Carey, a fellow Californian, indeed a fellow student of St. Mary's College. Don threw him a strike, then decided to give him a curve. Andy, with no friendly California feelings or old school spirit, slashed at the curve with a short, savage swing that resulted (how ironic can you get?) in a Baltimore Chop. The ball hit the plate and bounced high into the air. Ironically again, overzealous Don Ferrarese went after it (instead of letting Second Baseman Billy Gardner have it), then threw a bouncing throw to first. But Carey was already there. The spell was broken. The Yankee Stadium crowd roared for Don.

After Hank Bauer got the second scratch hit, Don Ferrarese hove down to save his shutout. Then he walked off the field, so baseball immortal—just the kind of growing young southpaw that every manager dreams about.

FOR THE JOHN LUNDY ENCORE, TURN THE PAGE



WILMA RUDOLPH AND HERB MCKENLEY, 1956 U.S. NATIONALS, 100 YARDS. RUDOLPH, LEFT, WON THE GOLD MEDAL, MCKENLEY, RIGHT, WON THE SILVER MEDAL.



WILMA RUDOLPH'S STRIDE. The sequence of eight photographs shows the progression of her stride. The first photograph shows her foot on the ground, the second shows her foot on the ground, the third shows her foot on the ground, the fourth shows her foot on the ground, the fifth shows her foot on the ground, the sixth shows her foot on the ground, the seventh shows her foot on the ground, the eighth shows her foot on the ground.

A MAN CONQUERS HIMSELF

Gentle John Landy, after one of history's fastest miles, could feel only sadness and defeat. Here is the story of an amazing, dedicated athlete—and an amazing human being.

by PAUL O'NEIL

THE DOWNSIDE of Fresno, California, Union Capital of the World and Heart of the San Joaquin Valley, share one characteristic: they are track and field lanes. Kids in Fresno can rent the latest cleekings in the 100- and 220-yard dash the way kids in Brooklyn rent baseball gloves, and their elders—waitresses, ranchers, truck drivers and bankers—recall the feats of the great men of running with a pride and awe which is probably unique in the U.S. Last Saturday evening 16,000 of them—as many as could possibly jam past the gates of Fresno State College's little Ratcliffe Stadium and into its seats, its infield and the grassy areas around the ends of its faded, sand-colored clay track—were present there and garrulous with anticipation.

At 7:14 o'clock, give or take a few seconds, every man, woman and child of them were on their feet and emitting a pleading roar which must have been heard on the distant Sierras, for around the far turn at Fresno came Australia's John Landy, one of the loveliest runners ever born, floating like blown tumbleweed toward a new world record in the mile run. The air was chilly, although the declining sun-light still glared brightly on the green grass and the motley of 1,400 athletes—now spectators almost to a man—who had gathered for the 30th running of the West Coast Relays. A plunging wind was blowing down the backstretch in gusts up to seven miles an hour. But Landy, whose warm smile and shock of curly brown hair had become familiar to millions of newspaper readers and television during the two weeks of his U.S. tour, had built the foundations of a historic race.

He had been boxed momentarily on the first turn between two Occidental College Miles Jim Terrell and former Yaleman Mike Shanley. But he had slid clear of 200 yards, with a flourish, his young Dublin friend, Don DeLong, at his heels, and from there on, running like some fabled Irish courier, he had steadily left the field behind. He had hit the quarter miles with almost absolute precision—53.9, gently, 300 yds. Then, slowly, born on purpose for his one-yard debut in the finale of his career, AUGUST 20, 1961

Bailey, seven days before, he fled into the final lap with 57 seconds to go to break his own world record.

How, was he doing? It was impossible to say. But the crowd, remembering that he had run 57.8 in the final quarter against Bailey in the Los Angeles Coliseum, urged him on with a steady, deafening torrent of sound. He was 15 yards ahead of DeLong in the backstretch, 40 yards ahead as he lengthened his stride in the turn, and 50 yards ahead and running all alone as he came rolling down the stretch. He went through the tape with his style unflinched by weariness, and turned back, strolling casually, to find out the news. The time was 3:58.1—his sixth sub-four-minute mile, and his second in one week. He had missed.

He walked immediately toward an Australian radio man, waiting near the turn with a microphone. As he did so, his chest rose and fell laboriously beneath the green jersey of the Geelong Guild Athletic Club. But he took one last deep breath and then spoke almost as normally as if he had simply liked the mile. He was bitterly disappointed. "It just wasn't there to give," he cried. "I had no sparkle in me at all. It was ridiculous not to have run 3:48. A near-record breaker—perhaps that's my fate. I'm disappointed. I know in my heart I can run better than that. It was just another run—a time trial—just another performance."

A little later, however, in the track dressing room, surrounded by spectators he went on: "It may be that I've had too many hard races this year. In last year's here I don't think that I was running as well as in Australia, although I felt better tonight than last week. I was not exhausted at the end. I had the energy but I was just not getting it out. I was very strong." And competition asked him in the race against Bailey in Los Angeles? "The competition," he said with a wry grin, "didn't present itself until it was too late to beat my own." He constructed: "This may have been my last mile. I'll be running 1,500 meters in the Olympics, and I had hoped to give you a new record."

Unrecorded one of the most outstanding and admirable achievements in the history of modern track & field. And one,

continued on page 42



High forward knee lift, feet landing straight ahead with economical lean to the right, hips and shoulders square, head held perfectly

still, back of torso in shoulder muscles and arm, arm action. The head flick of his trailing arm is a special Landy characteristic.

BRONCO ON THE HILL

by ART ROSENBAUM

The motorcyclist who sets out to conquer a hillside
is in for a scratching, sloughing and clacking ride

IS A FEW rippling seconds a motorcycle hill climber leaves the starting line and spectators in his dust. His goal, the blue sky on the hilltop, lies only a few yards ahead—but it is still, oh, so far away.

An expert hill climber, like the Californian, George Alcala (opposite page), has a very clear idea of what he must do with his machine to make the top, but he never knows whether he will have time before the power in his wheels buckles him into the dust. His rear wheel spewing dirt and stones, Alcala crosses the starting line and flashes easily through the first 20 yards up the 60° slope. The motor slugs on and off to each touch of the throttle as the hill marks slip under his wheels. Hugging his gas tank with his knees, Alcala pumps on the throttle to clear a hump. His front wheel tears into the air. Alcala stands on his footboards to throw his weight against the rising machine and “nicks the button” to cut the motor for a split second. The bike settles. Alcala opens throttle again and continues scratching, sloughing and clacking up the hill: throttling, nicking the button, and throttling again and again. It becomes a triangular battle of machine against hill against man. Unless Alcala can keep his wits quick in the fight for every yard of the hill, his front wheel will fly upward and backward over his head, and man and motorcycle will part.

Even if Alcala's cycle should leap, most probably both he and his machine will survive to try the hill again. In earlier days, even after the rider had jumped or fallen clear, his looping machine often was a lively threat. The rider did not always have a chance to cut the switch, and the riderless cycle sometimes went on its own wild descent. As a precaution some officials at a hill climb still carry ropes to lasso any runaway machine. In 1921, however, hill climbers began using a “dead man's switch,” invented by Dudley Perkins, who in that day when he dominated western competition was known as “Dad the Magnificent” and is better known today as a Harley-Davidson dealer in San Francisco. “I was practicing on Hill 51,” Perkins recalls, “and my machine got away from me. In those days we used a tractor band on the rear wheel. Let me tell you about a tractor band—it's a flat band skid chain four inches wide, and so it is iron V-claws an inch and a half deep. This roaring machine went by my car and that tractor band almost sliced my head off. Next day I figured out this leather wrist thing extending to a switch on the handle bar. You fall away and take the thing with you. Off goes the motor.”

The head-chopping tractor bands have been ruled out, and the American Motorcycle Association has adopted the dead man's switch as a standard safety device. In this more

careful day the association has also ruled hill climbing is for men only—no ladies of any age, and no males under 21 without parents' permission. Even with these ground rules, to many gaping spectators it seems to be a wild man's game. Hill climbers generally push-push the ace in which they are held. A man who knows the business, they claim, is as safe on a hill as anyone ducking foul balls back of third base or caddyding for Tammy Bart. So far as veterans in the ferocious hill-climbing area of central California can recall, flesh has been scared and bones have been cracked, but no one has been killed. While some brash men are attracted to the sport, it is the wily veterans who usually win the events. Considering the nature of his favorite sport recently, Sam Arena, a 43-year-old hill climber who has won the national championship four times, observed, “I wouldn't say we were the kings of the bikers, but we do have a few people fooled. They think we're daredevils. Some young fellows play-act a little. They like to hear the girls shriek, full of fear and admiration. I'll grant you it takes guts to sit on 400 pounds of burlentine, but this is an old man's game. It takes maybe five seconds to climb a 200-foot hill. You do maybe 30 seconds work on Sundays, and there's less strain on the bike than in a 150-mile road race.”

Technically, the art of hill climbing is a skillful mixing of horsepower, gear ratios and traction. A man must have a good ear for the blessed roar of a motor in tune and a mechanic's love for polishing the ports and other tinkering tricks to get a few more “horses.” Before an event a hill climber frequently reads up the hill on hands and knees like a land crab, noting each change in slope and soil and feeling out the small dips and ruts, rocks and soft spots. Knowing his hill, he then decides how many “pilers” (extra crossbars) to put on his chains for traction. Even a good man can miscalculate, at times even underestimate his power. Several years back at Modesto, Calif., on a smooth hill that flattens suddenly, Veteran Sam Arena hit the top doing 50 miles an hour, flew 35 feet through the air, caught his foot on the rear wheel and sat down hard on the skid chain. “Certain parts of me,” Sam recalls, “were scratched up pretty good.”

While hill climbing continues as a lively sport for the riders, spectator attendance is no longer what it used to be when up to 30,000 would crowd the hills. Noting their lack of headfins, the hill climbers have the reason. No one ever gets killed.

BUCKING UP a rough 60° slope, Hill Climber George Alcala throws his weight forward to keep his motorcycle from looping.



In a hill-climbing competition at Scotts Valley, California, Motor Rider Bob Hamilton attempts a 60° take on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle





Near the summit of the 200-foot run, the chains of the rear wheel dig into uneven ground, and Hamilton's machine bucks treacherously. Hamilton stands off mostly as the motorcycle leaps and caroms back down the hill



On an easy slope varying from 10° to 40°, a competitor practices to get the feel of his motorcycle

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE PRESIDENT ON PHYSICAL FITNESS • BITTS THE DUKE
OF EDINBURGH • SKIN-DIVING GEOLOGISTS • AN OLD
ENEMY IS ENGLAND'S NEW HERO • GOLFING HOUSEMAID

INK ON ATHLETICS

ONE OF THE peripheral effects of President Eisenhower's hour-at-work last September was the postponement of his national physical fitness conference. Since he returned to his desk, the pressure of more immediate business has kept him from reentering the conference. Now, according to last week's press conference, physical fitness is very much on his mind.

He said: "... just before I was taken ill, you know, I had started in with the instigation of Mr. [John B.] Kelly from Philadelphia and a few others who were supporting the proposition to get—develop—a very great movement of youngsters toward the athletic fields of this country, to get them to take part in athletics, because all sorts of tests have shown that the youngsters taking part in athletics were far less susceptible to the juvenile temptations than were others.

"Moreover, the very strange thing came out that physical fitness was a criterion that you could apply, and with it you find a real parallel between physical fitness and, you might say, mental adjustment.

"So that project, which was delayed, I am now reviving—Vice-President Nixon was the chairman—and we are starting again. . . ."

At the end of the week, the White House predicted that the conference will be held in mid-June.

NOTHING—OR SOMETHING

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER is not the only world figure concerned about the state of his countrymen's health. In London, the Duke of Edinburgh

beside royal president to appear "live" on BBC television and discuss on the problems besetting the Council of Physical Recreation of which he is president.

The duke explained that Britain is an industrial community, and as her population has increased, there has been less and less room for recreation. The ideal ratio was established by the duke as six acres of playing space per 1,000 population. In Britain today, there is an average of only one and a half acres per thousand. Some unfortunate localities can show only one-third of an acre per thousand. The playing fields which Wellington plucked so enthusiastically after Waterloo are in danger of becoming extinct.

As early as 1900 it became clear that "the health of the nation was not what it might be," the duke continued. By 1935 the lack of recreational facilities was "dreadful." A staggering 79% of the able-bodied population took "no form of regular physical exercise."

The duke then added dryly: "I am not proposing to get philosophical about this. I don't think there is any problem in leisure and if people like doing nothing I have no objection. All I am concerned about is that people should not be forced to do nothing or to take up criminal activities because there is no opportunity for them to do something satisfying or useful in their leisure time."

—continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

■ A Sensitive Trading Area

The Cardinals sent Harvey Haddis, Stu Miller, Ben Flowers to the Phillies for Marty Dickson, Harry Weberer, promptly let the wrath of St. Louis return. The sensitive Cardinals have never forgiven trade of old favorite Ron Shamburger in 1954, let much the same way about Haddis.

■ From Blink to Blink

Blinky Palermo and his lighters are banned in New York State for Blink's boy Johnny Saxton may yet be matched against Carmen Basilio in Syracuse. Within a few days Saxton is expected to have a new proprietor: Hyalio (The Mink) Waldman, like Palermo another old acquaintance of Frankie Carbo.

■ The Final Meeting

Her Ellsworth Swagge visited Leslie Combs (El Nashua) and it appears their future Thoroughbreds will meet again—but at the stud farm, not on the track. Combs seemed first option to buy Swagge upon his retirement from racing, probably for the same price (\$1,251,500) he paid for Nashua.

■ To Each His Own

While John Landy was ripping through a 3:38.1 mile at Fresno, the man who beat him in 3:38.8 the week before was running too. Up the Coast, Queen's Jim Bailey won in a Pacific Coast Conference Northern Division meet by 75 yards, set a new record. His time: 4:08.4.

continued from page 29

The picture is not altogether disheartening, though. Track and field clubs in the United Kingdom have grown from a post-World War II low of 200 when, on the clubs' part, playing fields were either "bloughed up or bombed" in 1945. And there is an astonishing number of Britons who enjoy it, by the sound. Fencing clubs have grown from 37 to 372 in the same period.

Rugby football, a one-plateau orgy of mayhem and stamina, has grown from 448 clubs in 1,575. The police formed competition like badminton and lawn tennis to transcend communalism. To be sure, the statistics are a little less encouraging in the field of women's cricket—up only 20 teams since the same—but by and large the prospects for the duke's campaign to get the eternal Englishman out from under his bowler and into running tops and tennis shoes are good. A favorable omen was the fact that the duke so warmed to his subject he ran 12 minutes overtime on his telecast—a royal prerogative which was less of a catastrophe on the BBC than it would be on, say, Channel 1—and thus indicated that he takes his mission more than somewhat seriously.

LINDHEIMER'S WEATHER

WHEN THE PRESIDENTS of Lincoln Fields changed the name of their 1945 spring race meeting to Balmoral and asked Ben Lindheimer to conduct it amid the superior customer comforts of his Washington Park track, they were delighted, but probably not surprised that he grossed 25 million more than Lincoln Fields had ever done under its own management. But Lindheimer himself wasn't pleased at all. He was sure he could have done even better if the weather had not been untransmutably cold.

When the weather did an about-face



and came up with the hottest early summer in Chicago's history, Lindheimer—who also operates Arlington Park—decided to do something about it.

What he did was to hire a Chicago engineering firm which had solved such knotty air-conditioning problems as the airport terminals in Burma and

Thailand. Lindheimer's order to them: design the biggest portable air-conditioning unit ever devised. The engineers took him at his word, built equipment powerful enough to cool a thousand average-size homes and to heat 125 homes on a normal winter's day.

The units mounted on trailers are so big that it was necessary to close down highways to ordinary traffic in order to move them to Washington Park. Not only will the units cool the grass and the glass-and-steel clubhouse areas, they are also intended to condition the open grandstand areas without "muscle-curtain" of air. Moreover, if Lindheimer has his way, they will eventually be moved over to Arlington and plugged into outlets there.

The first test of Lindheimer's dream was scheduled for the May 14, opening day of the Balmoral-at-Washington meeting. All went well, promising comfortable temperatures whether it blew hot or cold. Except for the heavy losses. They will burn as usual.

THOSE LIMESTONE THRILLS

YOU MIGHT SAY skin divers have become as common as top trucks in Arkansas. Everywhere from the local harbor to the girl next door is learning the frights and delights of prowling the underwater world. They all experience deep emotions upon staring back at odd sea creatures, and all like to talk about it with their clublady of golfers.

The newest group of converts is a band of geologists from the American Museum of Natural History who have been forced underwater by their work.

Geologists are usually associated with rocky outcroppings far from the sea. But this group is departing soon for the Great Bahamas Bank to study various types of limestone in the making. Dr. Norman D. Newell, the museum's curator of Historical Geology and Fossil Invertebrates, figured that if he and his associates could get down there and observe as the corals, sediments and fragmented corals are formed into limestone, they could better interpret what the environment was like at the time when ancient seas were depositing limestone over much of this continent.

In order to pursue these studies they had to take up skin diving.

"And none of us were skin divers," Dr. Newell said. "We didn't really have an expert swimmer in the group. That is a psychological barrier. My own emotional reaction the first time I went underwater was greater than during my first trip in an airplane. Take,

for example, the first time I met a shark. I have been subjectively certified a number of times in my life, but the combination of being underwater and then meeting this great animal affected my emotions almost to the extreme."

Before starting out last year on the first leg of their project, the scientists took some preliminary workouts in the swimming pool of the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn. G. Robert Adlington, in charge of equipment and underwater photography for the expedition, gave them instructions but admitted he was as inexperienced as the rest. It wasn't until no time before they found themselves in the clear tropical waters and were faced with their first emotions for extreme emotional reaction. Mr. Adlington told of being approached by a shark during one of his early dives.

"The first time I saw him he was 75 feet away and coming along like a bounding dog on a scent," Mr. Adlington said. "I tried to remember all the things to scare sharks. I made air bubbles, I waved my arms. I jumped up and down. I shouted. He kept coming. When he was 8 feet from me, he rose from the bottom until he was level with my eyes. I had a wrecking bar in one hand and a shark knife in the other. Suddenly the shark interested at me and then dashed away. I was going to give him the one-two but I was scared from that gruesome experience by his receding."

Mr. Adlington returned to the boat in such unscientific haste that he climbed aboard, lost weights and all, without any assistance.

He also had read advice concerning the big money eels that lurk in the coral and snap with vicious jaws.

"Just avoid them," he said. "If one grabs you, don't panic! don't pull away and when he opens his mouth to take a bigger bite, withdraw your arm."

Up to now it has been unnecessary to follow these instructions.

Concerning barracuda, Mr. Adlington said, "Keep your eyes on them and don't try to touch them. If you have a spear gun try to shoot so it glances off them and frightens them. It's always best to stay down in the water with them. They're unpredictable and just above the nearest looking fish. They always remind me of the tough kid on the block. They don't hurry and kill the other fish seen to give them a wide berth."

The nine members of the expedition will make their headquarters at Lermer Marine Laboratory which the museum operates on Bimini, a little island



"But I don't love you."

perched at the edge of the Great Bahama Bank, which has become a popular spot for all sorts of skin divers. The scientists have more thrills in store for them and they are eager despite the sharks, strong eels, barracuda and sting rays.

"Then's enough to see down there," Mr. Adlington said. "It's the most beautiful sight in the world. I've been to every state—and to Mexico and South America and I've never found such scenery as you find down among those coral reefs."

THE BRAVE GOALIE

BACK in 1948 a 24-year-old former Nazi paratrooper was released from a British POW camp in Lancashire. His name was Bert Trautmann and he was not entirely unknown in the neighborhood, for he had been goalie for the prison camp soccer team in the games it had played on the outside.

He was a good goalie. An English friend got him a job on a farm and suggested he try out for the town team at St. Helens, 22 miles away. He made the team easily and, despite his Nazi background, was welcomed by most of

the people in St. Helens. Not by everybody. When Jack Friar, the team secretary, brought him home for dinner, Friar's daughter, Margaret, said, "I'm going out. I don't like Germans."

Trautmann, big, blond and handsome, quickly made his mark with the St. Helens team, and soon the professional scouts were coming around to have a look at him. Manchester City was particularly interested because their regular goalkeeper, Frank Swift, was retiring. Trautmann, the Manchester Cup champion, was good enough to take over. But the signing of an ex-Nazi seemed certain to provoke a storm among the fans. When the club decided to risk it, that's exactly what happened.

With Trautmann in the lineup, hordes of protest poured in from all over England. At the games, there were bombs and rats. But then, slowly and grudgingly, even Trautmann's enemies had to admit that his split-second timing and superb ball handling were superior to anything they had seen. They had to concede that he had amazing physical courage as he hurled himself at the feet of onrushing forwards, throwing himself on and behind the

ball. Once he continued through a game after a severe groin injury, another time with a broken nose.

Trautmann gradually overcame the prejudice against him. Back in St. Helens, Margaret Friar, the girl who wouldn't stay in the same house with him a couple of years before, reconsidered—and married him.

Just before the Cup Final at Wembley Stadium this year, British sports-writers chose Trautmann as "Footballer of the Year." In the game itself, Manchester started slowly against Birmingham, still managed to end the first half with a 1-1 tie. In the second half, Manchester began to click, brilliantly pushed across two goals. Then, with 16 minutes left to play, Birmingham forward Peter Murphy suddenly swooped through to Manchester's goal mouth and Trautmann—with the daring that was now his trademark—threw himself at Murphy's feet, catching a knee in his neck.

He lay there, twisting in agony. The crowd roared; then began to chant, "We want Bert." Finally, the big blond struggled to his feet, staggering as the play moved away from him. His

continued on next page

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 17

teammates tried desperately to keep the ball away. Repeatedly they failed, but Trautman always pulled himself together to make almost unbelievable saves. He was hit twice more before the game ended with Manchester the winner 3-1.

As the Manchester players paraded jubilantly past the royal box to accept the cup and their individual medals from Queen Elizabeth, Trautman stood with them, clanking his neck. He even paused for a word with the Duke of Edinburgh. But when his teammates, the cup held high, circled the field, he was led off to the dressing room alone, unaware that the crowd and the spectators were already calling him "the Cup Final."

It was not until four days later that the doctors correctly diagnosed Trautman's injury. Then—just asuring the fans that their favorite would be able to play again by the middle of next season—the doctors said that Trautman had suffered a broken neck. He had played the last 15 minutes of the Cup Final with it.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE

THE MANY OF TODAY'S newspapers the name Alfred Gayman Vanderbilt signifies merely a New York millionaire who owns Native Dancer, others, with better memories, will recall that turf success first came to this modest young man with a flair for sloppy hats and a gracefully cultivated slouch when he purchased Discovery in 1923 for \$25,000. At one time Vanderbilt's criss-cross-and-white silks were carried by such worthy races as Rock of Rome, New Mirror, Laser Weaver and, sure the retirement of Native Dancer, by Social Outcast and Find. He has also found time to serve as president of Purina (where he saw his first home race, the 1923 Freshman), president of Belmont Park, president of the Thoroughbred Racing Association and as a very active member of the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau.

Yet there is another serious side to Alfred Vanderbilt. During World War II, as an officer aboard USS-490 of the 12th Torpedo Squadron, he put in many dangerous hours off the coast of New Guinea, and for gallantry in action one night Alfred Vanderbilt was awarded the Silver Star. Returning from the wars, he busied himself again with his stable, but a new interest was now added in him: that of serving

the underprivileged youth of America and that of aiding the war's veterans whenever they might be.

Recently Vanderbilt—a perfectionist by instinct—has had to resign his large racing stable in favor of his job as president of the World Veterans Fund, an organization embracing some 18 million people. It was becoming obvious he lacked the time for both, so he chose to stick by the veterans. As a result, some 37 racers call him horse-training expert Social Outcast, Find and three others will go under Thomas-Goss's banner at Belmont next week in the largest Thoroughbred exchange since the War Star deal disposed last winter. Included in the lot to be sold is a very special little number—a gray 2-year-old filly named Almond Eyes. She is by Belmoran, son of Goshawk—and if this strikes a familiar chord it certainly should. Almond Eyes is a full sister to Native Dancer.

Vanderbilt's departure for Europe this week—following a formally announced separation from his second wife—doesn't mean for a minute that the 43-year-old sportsman is quitting the game. On the contrary he may have not one but several new up his sleeve. From down on his Sagamore Farm at Glyndon, Md., Vanderbilt will be getting regular reports on the progress of such new Native Dancer look-alikes as Trainer Bill Winfree and Contract Rider Kiki Gupta will be sent, and, says Vanderbilt with a suspiciously hopeful smile, "We are looking forward to future seasons and especially to the time when the Native Dancer foals will start racing."



TIP-OFF

*After studies of the subject
I could not be convinced
I'll have to stop me now
And take some to the road.*

—LEWIS STEIN

PIVOT IN THE DRAWING ROOM

THE NEW MAID sent to a New York family by the employment agency was a well-proportioned, well-spoken woman of 30. The agency had not had time to check her references, and the family, impressed with her pose and confidence, decided not to bother right away.

The new maid cheerfully promised to do everything—cook, clean, the works—delighted, the family said, to see the new maid's first dinner.

It was horrible. The family tried to



persuade themselves that the woman was just a little nervous about starting a job. But the next meal was worse and, in between, the new maid had made a stamphen of housekeeping. After gagging on another dinner, the man of the house called the new maid into the living room.

"Let's face it," he said. "You can't cook and you can't clean. May I ask what you can do?"

"Well," said the new maid, not bating an eye, "I'm a pretty fair golf pro."

While the man of the house was recovering, she went on:

"I'm just doing this kind of stuff between golf jobs. I was teaching at a hotel in Florida and in a few weeks I plan to go to Nevada and try for a hotel job there."

The man of the house went to a ball room and came back with his golf bag. He drew out a putter, tossed a ball on the rug and said, "Show me."

With perfect form, the new maid took a stance and putted beautifully. The man of the house thanked her a nice time. With flawless grace she took a \$10 divot out of the rug.

"I used to play all the time when my husband was alive. We belonged to a country club upstate. My handicap was 2."

The man of the house sank into a chair.

"As I say," the new maid went on, "I only planned to stay with you a few weeks anyway. May I go to a better place if I get started for Nevada right now?"

The man of the house staring at the hole in the rug, nodded.

"Suppose I leave right after dinner?" asked the new maid.

Before dinner, said the man of the house, would be all right with him.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE BLUE STREAK FINISH

Records fall when Dave Sims, the Duke Blue Devil, races his track shoes. One week, the 220-yard low hurdles; next, the 220-yard dash

OLYMPIC SPRINT HURDLES RACE THE FINISH LINE OF DUBUQUE, ILL., SET RECORDS FASTER THAN THE OFFICIAL WORLD MARK, IN BUREAU, N.C. MEET





CORNELL SLIDED PAST FINISH TO WIN EASTERN SPRINT FINALS AFTER RUNNER-UP TALL CANTON A HALF-CRAB ON THE PORT SIDE.

A VERY DAMP SPRING



MUDGY GOOD TIME is final spring of year, however, concludes at Cleveland University High School in Cleveland, Tennessee.

Springtime sports season comes to a close with spring racing at Cleveland University High School in Cleveland, Tennessee.



A FEW MILES BELOW WASHINGTON, BLUE-COLORED MERE, SMALL CRAFT OFF BOLLING FIELD PO-SEE THE LITTLE TOP GARDEN

It was late coming, but spring finally arrived. On the sun-washed Potomac, oarsmen bent to their tasks (see page 48). In Oxford, they went punting, while in Omaha some students struggled in the mud

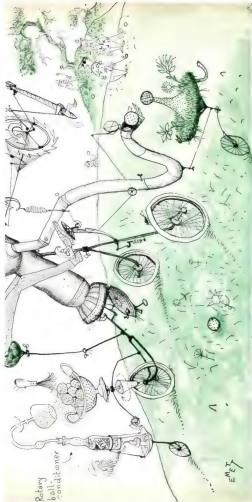


BUDDY GOOD JUMP is made by Billy Wright, pretty the first boat, leaping from punt to punt during Oxford Cambridge

relay race on the Churn. Her Cambridge counterpart was equally agile, as the Cantabrigia went out up in 1940 and 1941

WONDERFUL WORLD continued





SELF-GOLFING GOLF BAG

DESIGNED BY ROWLAND EMMETT

Awed by the extent and versatility of golfing gadgets he saw on an extensive tour of U.S. courses, Ralph Cartmell Rowland Emmett was inspired to design "The Cypress Point Improved self-golfing Golf Bag" and send a drawing of it to *SI's* golf-minded editors. Says Emmett: "Having

observed, at Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, the wonderful degree of mechanization brought to bear upon the science which is golf, I feel emboldened to put respectfully forward the above aid, which is designed to reduce the unpredictable human element to an absolute minimum."

YOU NAME IT, THEY WORE IT

As sports moved to the outdoors, a variety of noteworthy new clothes enlivened the scene. The Maryland Hunt Cup (right) leaned to plaids.



JOHN R. SHAW JR., vice president of Maryland Hunt, wears a small-plaid sport jacket.



BRIAN MCINERNEY'S jacket is of a light, non-contrast plaid, featuring a small, dark, non-contrast plaid pattern.



M. A. HANKINS, a beagle handler from Hart Springs, Ga., showed up at the International Beagle Trials in Pennsylvania wearing a leopard-skin cap.



FERREEN SHAHN, Pakistan's No. 1 women player, played against England's Hurlingham in black and a skirt.

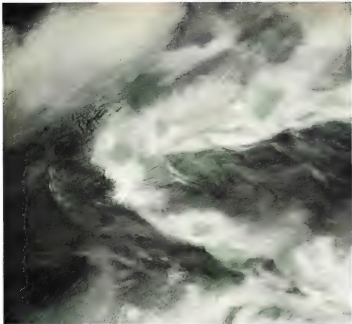
At the Pebble Beach Road Races in California, car bugs were as trimly outfitted and almost as colorful as the automobiles they came to see.

BLAIR McDONALD, with his prize-winning Model T, wears a peppy jacket and, at times,



TONY HUGHES wears a New England racing patch on his jacket.





STORMING BY NORTHERN OCEANOGRAPH

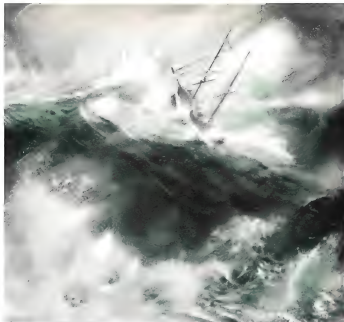
THE ULTIMATE

The sea, to those who know it, is an element beloved yet full of menace. Few know this better than William A. Robinson, who has sailed the world's oceans for a quarter century in ships both small and large. Always he has felt the sea's challenge—and a large part of that challenge is what

he calls the ultimate storm, the storm which he knew instinctively would some day, somewhere, test to the full his powers to survive.

In January 1952, aboard his ship Varua, Robinson and his family set forth on a voyage from Tahiti, his home, to the far southern reaches of the

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STORM

BY WILLIAM A. ROBINSON

*Pacific. The course of the voyage is shown on the map at right; its full history will appear this week in the book *To the Great Southern Sea* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5). *SI* here presents the crowning incident of that voyage: Robinson's encounter, in the gale-swept *Roaring Forties*, with the ultimate storm*



THE QUESTION

IT IS dangerous to generalize about the sea. No two ships are alike, nor is it possible to forecast, from the experience of one storm, the nature of the trials that may be encountered in the next. It is possible, in fact, to follow the sea for a lifetime without encountering a really great storm. I sailed for a quarter of a century and 100,000 miles without meeting one. Over the years there was the usual assortment of weather, good and bad. There were some close brushes with hurricanes, fortunately modest affairs as hurricanes go. But deep down I knew that I had never seen the ultimate in storms, when my ship and I would be put to the final great test. And deep down I always wondered how, when it happened, we would meet it. I have always believed it possible that in such an extremely conventional method of riding it out in safety, right fail and that the life of my ship might depend upon my fighting back in a manner I had never tried in a real emergency before.

We met our test in a vast expanse of gale-swept ocean, far to the southeast in the Pacific, in 1952. It was a voyage that had begun in Tahiti, where high-seas men hope of operations in recent years. For as long as I can remember, I had hoped some day to return to the southern ocean on the old sailing-ship track where the big square-riggers used to run their easting down to the Horn. None of my previous ships had been suitable, for I had no desire to make the voyage as a stunt; but with *Virena*, already proven by extensive voyaging, I now had the ship.

With me on the voyage were my small family: Ah Yau, who in all her 21 years had never been outside the barrier reef in Tahiti and who promised me more during the voyage, and Piko, an impressive 11-year-old who had been given to me at the age of 7 by her parents in Raiatea, a remote atoll in the Tuamotus. For even there were big, dark, unquenchably good-natured Tiro from Rapa, who has been with me for years, and Zhi, from Tahiti itself, who usually joined the ship as cook when we voyaged.

On January 2, 1952 we sailed out from under the great green mountains of Tahiti and watched the island fade slowly astern into the haze of distance. The plan was to sail south until we reached the great passage-making section of the Roaring Forties. There we would run our easting down to the Patagonian coast, follow the Humboldt Current north, and the trade winds would take us home to Tahiti.

We touched briefly at lonely Rapa, the southern outpost of Oceania, and then sailed south another 1,600 miles, across the 30s, across the 40s, to the real Southern Sea of the square-riggers. There, instead of the renowned weather, we met monstrous easterly gales that forced us still farther south—to latitude 50 and beyond, until we saw ice and turned north again still fighting head winds. In those far southern latitudes, alone in a stormy gray world where ships no longer sail, after beating doggedly against a succession of gales that were themselves worse than anything I had previously encountered, we met the ultimate storm.

We were 1,600 miles out of Tahiti at the time, about 1,000 miles west of Patagonia. We had worked safely out of the region where ice might be encountered. For one night and a day we sailed comfortably on our course with

a freshening north wind, such a change from the relentless contrary gales we had been having that the perennial optimism of the sailor took over and we looked forward to the last thousand miles as something of a rest cure. Even when the wind whipped into the southeast in a heavy squall, with a rapidly falling barometer, we refused to feel concerned. The upper decks were already safely stowed, so we carried on, nursing her through the heaviest gusts. At midnight it was apparent that we were in for another gale, so we took in the mainmast and jib.

We carried on into the early morning hours under fore and main staymast. The wind was building up steadily. I prepared myself for another northeast gale, like all the others that had gone before. Yet, as so often before, I wondered uneasily about the coming trial. Some day, somewhere, I might yet meet that ultimate storm which I knew I had never met before. Might this be it? If it was, and we were faced with ultimate emergency conditions and conventional methods of riding it out failed, would the procedure I had long planned to use succeed?

My thoughts turned over the experience of the years. A great deal has been written on the methods of coping with a gale at sea; for obvious reasons, the matter is one of a sailor's great preoccupations. Almost unanimously the books were against running before it, but they disagree thoroughly as to what you should do. Depending on your author, you put your faith in 1) lying to under storm sails, 2) letting your craft take care of itself, drifting, without sails or drugs, or 3) sea anchors, with or without riding sails, each three methods you also use as of needed.

I HAVE NO argument with the conventional methods of riding out the average gale encountered in summer cruising. The usual device is to keep the vessel's bow heading into the sea by the use of some form of sea anchor. With small, shoal-draft craft, including lifeboats, the major forces involved are wind pressure and the action of the surface water. Since both are moving in the same direction, it is reasonable to expect such a craft to tail out from its sea anchor and head into wind and sea. Strains are limited and the sea anchor and its gear can be kept to a reasonable size.

In larger, deeper hulls that extend down below the surface water, another major force is present which changes the picture: solid water that is not moving to leeward. If she is heading into the wind, the greatest effort of wind and wave crests is exerted on the forward part of the ship, which has the least grip on solid water. Thus, as the vessel moves slowly astern, as it is bound to do while riding to a sea anchor, the bow falls off, pivoting on the after part of the hull, which has a deeper grip on the water. It may be possible to arrest this with a riding sail and hold her in a position four or five points from the wind, but in extreme conditions, even if it were possible to have a riding sail and gear strong enough, the sail is brokened when in the trough, and ineffective. A large breaking sea can throw you broadside to, at the mercy of the following crest. Do what you may, you will find the position unpleasant, for in the

(continuation of our page 24)

THE SEABORNE WORLD OF WILLIAM A. ROBINSON



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THE COOK, JEE, PREPARES A DORADO FOR DINNER AS HAPPY KING LOOKS ON

THE ULTIMATE STORM

continued from page 32

final analysis you are fighting against all the natural forces involved.

The unfortunate part about it all is that you have to commit yourself before it gets too bad, and once committed to the sea anchor over the bow you are stuck with it. You cannot at the peak of the storm decide to try the other system. You have abandoned all control over your ship. You are not in an enviable position.

Captain John Voss, the leading exponent of sea anchors, unwittingly gives innumerable arguments against them, as can be discovered by a careful analysis of the latter part of his book, *The Uncommon Voyagers' Captain Voss*. Not the least of these is the fact that after all his experience with his extensive-rigged *Tabasco*, which never met the ultimate storm—he was unable to provide a sea anchor that would stand up when he finally did meet it years later in the yard *Sea Green*, a yacht of only 20 feet waterline. I could cite innumerable examples of small yachts beset by these conditions and either broke up or ended in serious repairs themselves and their gear into a useless mess. If it is practically impossible to produce a sea anchor that will survive an extreme emergency for craft of only 18 or 20 feet waterline, how is one expected to succeed in the larger sizes where the stakes become even more and the gear of necessity cumbersome?

And while speaking of Voss, here are three more examples of large vessels, as well as little *Sea Green*, that found themselves greatly relieved, and probably saved, when forced by loss of the sea anchor or the engine power to stop trying to hold themselves into the battering sea and drifted with it instead. The same author also admits losing ridersports twice from making sternway in vessels drifting to a sea anchor.

Similar accidents, too numerous to mention, have occurred to others under similar conditions. No worse strain can be put on a rudder than to have the vessel surge and pitch against it when moving astern in a heavy sea.

More the same question of pure practicality arises in the business of oil bage that one is supposed to haul out to the sea anchor with a neat little block and line. I defy anyone to lay down and maintain an oil slick from a sea anchor in tremendous breaking seas. Even if it were possible to prevent the gear from getting soaked up or chafed loose, it would be suicide to work in the eye of the ship.

In sum: in spite of tradition and wishful thinking, common sense and practical experience add up to the fact that meeting a really bad storm head on with a sea anchor is not only impractical but dangerous.

Most experienced masters in vessels of any real size generally ride out bad weather, learn to understand sails. They can carry runs and gear heavy enough to stand it, and outside of exceptional circumstances will not be totally breakdown in the trough. But for small and medium-sized vessels, and even large ones in really extreme conditions, what to do?

Once I had worked sea anchors out of my system, years ago, I discovered that the best thing to do, when the sea got too high for riding sails, was to let the ship take a natural drift under bare poles. In the vessel I have owned, this was slightly downward with the sea on the quarter. This was successful and safe under the worst conditions I had seen on previous voyages. Even so, I felt that it was not the whole story.

All my experience and thinking told me that if we ever met a really climac-

tic storm some day, it would have to be met and on—specifically and on, not a few points one way or another. This was purely theory, based on long experience with storms of varying intensity but not the ultimate extreme. But although it had never been put to test, my theory had been ready for years. Under bare poles we could sail downwind dead before it, moving just fast enough to retain good steering control, using drags over the stern as a brake to prevent us from going too fast. The drags would also serve as additional insurance against broaching us. We would not use a sea anchor, which gives no flexibility and is too vulnerable; we would use simple rope drags, adjustable and easy to handle. We would be working with all the natural forces involved instead of against them, guiding the ship in her natural tendency to drift downwind.

Voss was developed with this theory in mind. She is a 70-foot composite brigantine, built in the yard I formerly owned in Massachusetts. She combines all the experience of my former voyages and former ships with the skill of the two men who collaborated with me in her design—the late Mr. Stirling Burgess of America's Cup fame and L. Francis Herreshoff, chief of today's yacht designers. During her design days tank tests were devised to help us produce a hull form with a minimum tendency to broach to before a following sea. Her after part was arranged and constructed that she can take a sea over the stern without damage. The steering well is just large enough to protect the helmsman from a sea if he crouches down. It is only two feet square and waist deep, and is self-bailing. There are no bulwarks around the afterdeck to hold water, only a log rail a few inches high to which are bolted stanchions carrying a double lifeline of which the top wire is 26

continued on page 36

A NAUTICAL GLOSSARY

bare poles: masts and spars without sail

broad tows: on ship pulled to one side so that it nearly vertical

Bransford scales: defines wind strength by numbers 1 to 17

buoyancy: compensation

broaching: turning broadside to wind from a downwind course, often with the result that ship tends to stand on legs or sink

burmese: extension of ship's mainmast which is kept all night

chart house: enclosed cabin where navigation is conducted

casting: departure on an easterly course

falling off ship's bow: turning to broad

gale: a strong wind, Nos. 7 to 10 Bransford, 32 to 63 mph

haze: fog; loaded or mixed and making no headway

hurricane: cyclonic winds, Bransford 11 to 17, 74 mph and up

quarters: stern side of ship between deck and door

pointed: the bow

riding sails: storm sails set when ship rides a sea anchor

blowing: Force of hurricane blows off south, also the winds that blow in these latitudes

sea anchors: means mooring drift, which, tied to bow, keeps ship downwind during storms

straggles: backward progress of vessel

storm sails: heavy sails, smaller than normally used

trade winds: trade which run the same course over a long period of time

westerlies: prevailing winds between 40° and 60° north,



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SCOREBOARD

By David Shields and John H. Johnson

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Arnold Bloom, Macon, Ga. matinee company owner with 15 years of experience lay under his belt, dropped 14-foot putt for birdie on final hole to take 1 up victory over young Doug Sanders in Southern Amateur at Atlanta.



Alfred Guyon Vanderhilt, 48-year-old sportsman best known as owner of Native Dancer, announced dusty retirement of turf activities, plans to sell 57 Thoroughbreds at public auction May 21 at Belmont race track.

RECORD BREAKERS

Baseball—Amazing Duke Sniderman who threw track world again with his burst of speed, sprinted 238 yards in 0.26.1, although admittedly, calling off most finish, broke his third world record in preliminary, set Pace of the Atlantic Coast Conference mark of 0.26.5 for 100, 0.22.4 for 250-yard low hurdles in championship meet at Durham, N.C. (May 13 and 12).

Off Hair, bulky Boston University senior from Hingham, Mass., whirled off hammer throw of 244 feet 11 inches far new U.S. college standard in dual meet with Penn State at Medford, Mass. (May 12).

Italy's during Pima Turf took aim at world records for cars of 500-cc cylinder capacity, fastest cars have powered two mile (one-lap), four-cylinder, 40-hp Glider from standing start to reach one kilometer in 0.25.18, one mile in 0.50.02, along stretch of coastal highway near Castellon, Italy.

BASEBALL

Milwaukee cooled off Cincinnati with three victories in four games as Veterans Warren Spahn pitched second shutout, held slight edge over visiting St. Louis Cardinals, who swept Sunday doubleheader from Chicago 3-0, 14-7. Brooklyn found major going at Rhineis Field, took three straight from New York Giants, including 3-0 no-hitter by Carl Hubbell on page 17, scored into third place, Philadelphia remained slide, losing to St. Louis and Pittsburgh in stretch non-winning streak to 19.

New York began playing more like terrible, moved closer to rest of American League after dropping two out of three to Cleveland and splitting four with Baltimore. Yankees' suffered escaped no-hitter when White Sox's Don Ferraro gave up two hits in sixth to win 1-0 (see page 21). Indians won three from Kansas City to trail New York by one game. Chicago ended four-game losing streak, ran off four in row over Boston and Detroit to take over third place. See more factual figures on page 44.

TRACK & FIELD

John Landy's 3:28.1 mile (see page 12) was highlight of West Coast Relays at Fresno, Calif., but by no means the only outstanding performance. California's speedy Deane King came off injured list to run 100 in world-record-tying 0:20.3; Jack Davis slipped over 100-yard high hurdles in 0:11.6; Bill Russell, San Francisco's All-American basketball, who high-jumps "just for fun," cleared 4 feet 9 1/4 inches to the Comprix's Charlie Duncan; UCLA's Rider Johnson, three-event winner in last week's U.S. N.Y.U. A meet, broke 25-foot 2 1/2 inches to take broad jump.

Jim Bailey, University of Oregon leader who spent Landy week earlier to become first to break four minutes on U.S. set, returned in collegiate competition, lapid in easy 4:20.4 victory in his team track, Pacific Coast Conference northern division title at Eugene, Ore.

Texan's Bailey 8 hidden locally favored.

in 4:20.4 breaking for 100 and hold of 91.5 mph hovering wind which nullified chance for world record, had to be content with new Southwestern Conference mark as Longhorns ran off with victory and freshmen leaders at Fayetteville, Ark.

HORING

Bob Baker, talking Mr. Vanderhilt who has been buying in Harbinger Jackson and Arctic Moore, stirred up equally bulging, but slower racing, Johnny Holman for a 12-round decision at Miami Beach in first of "eliminations" designed to position contender to retired Rocky Marciano, who last week gained publicity off of dog racing track at Rayburn, Mass. Meanwhile, NBC got around to running highly regarded Floyd Patterson with opponent-like Jackson for June 4 in New York on page 18, still had to find spot for same but No. 3-ranked Moore, now in London to defend light heavyweight title against Voltaire Phipps.

Vince Martinez, Honest Bill Italy's 4-to-6 morning underweight, started away at changing Dick Nash Moss (Kilbourn for 10 rounds, actually, rather than decision at Phoenix, Ariz.).

AUTO RACING

Stirling Moss pushed his Maserati to front at start, kept it there as he safely maneuvered over twisting Monte Carlo street in 55:42 mph average speed to win 15.6-mile Monaco Grand Prix in 3:22.9. Approximate Juan Manuel Fangio finished second.

FOCUS ON THE DEED



SPORTING scene stretches long in Thoroughbred, a world's best center when Duke Hammett finished time in Camp Town Hammett on the Cherry course at Doonell, Va.



SIMULATING college athletes, were left grapple in polo championship at Tokyo.



Ben Finsterwald, lean and lanky young Ohio pro, shot clutch 49 on last round to win Claret Open for three strokes at St. Louis, netting \$3,000 to boost 1935 earnings to \$12,000, second only to Mike Souchak in PGA ranks.



Alicea Gibson, showing signs of hitting team predicted of her when she first broke tennis color line in 1935, won her sixth straight European title at Rome, confidently looked ahead to Wimbledon: "My chances ... are very good."



Ray Hippe, cradling world three-cushion billiard champion who succeeded retired Willie Hoppe, had rough going in early rounds, rallied in last two rounds to beat John K. Fitzpatrick 594-578, remaining title at Los Angeles.

after taking over wheel of Peter Collins' Ford, new coach with 10-1 points in defense of world driving championship.

HORSE RACING

Oh Johnny, Mrs. Wallace Gilroy's finest claimer, may no better than 3 to 1, maneuvered brisky past field under urging of Jockey Hedley Hoppe to score favored Gulf Ave. faded, changed home three lengths ahead of Effel Blue in take \$19,134 90th Stakes at Jamaica, N.Y.

Bobby Braccia, one of nation's top handicappers, moved to front early, held pace under weak restraint by Jockey Johnny Langdon to run mile and eighth in rapid 1:47 4/5 for new track record while winning \$35,000 Tanglewax Handicap for second time at San Bruno, Calif.

GOLF

U.S. pros swept all six singles, lost only one four-ball match to overtake Canada 21-8 in International PGA competition for Hoptkins Trophy at Port Worth.

Ed Perky (Ohio), usually a runner-up but rarely a winner (Rialto victory: Kansas City Open in 1934), played his "best golf in a long time" to shoot 298, beating out Sam Snead by three strokes in White Sulphur Springs (W. Va.) Open.

ROWING

Carroll and Washington outdied world multiple winners at opposite ends of nation (see page 12) while Finsterwald's thirteen 134-pounder held off challenging

Carroll, covered Hinesley distance of mile and 5/8 in 17:40 in record-breaking 5:31 to capture seven-month lightweight title on Lake Carnegie.

VOLLEYBALL

Hollywood Stars charged defending championship. Reaction to her in final round to take open title in round-robin U.S. Volleyball Association tournament at Seattle. Other division champions: San Francisco Embroiders, masters; UCLA, collegiate; Hamilton AFB, armed forces; Santa Monica Mariners, women's.

LACROSSE

Mainland's stout defense and spreading attack, led by Bud Wasmuth and Charley Wicker, whose four assists gave him 43 for new school one-point record, paid off handsomely with six goals in last period at College Park, brought Terps 11-6 victory (first shut in ever—now Army and national title for second straight year as Johns Hopkins upset Navy 8-4 at Annapolis.

MILEPOSTS

mileposts—Marty Gels, 80, Princeton track coach since 1922 (except for four-year period in middle 1920s; AAU 1,000-yard champion in 1928; after more than 30 years as athlete and coach, at Princeton, N.J.

men—Minneapolis K. O'Brien, 71, Chicago attorney, chairman of Illinois Athletic Commission, former State Director of Conservation, of heart ailment, in Chicago.

FOR THE RECORD

BOXING

CHARLES FORD (Cotton) 10 local fights, lost last (Lynch, Philadelphia). New York **YOUNG BARBARA** 19 local fights, lost last (Gardner, Philadelphia). **YOUNG BARBARA** 19 local fights, lost last (Gardner, Philadelphia). **YOUNG BARBARA** 19 local fights, lost last (Gardner, Philadelphia). **YOUNG BARBARA** 19 local fights, lost last (Gardner, Philadelphia).

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LEAPING Los Angeles (Hedley) player goes up for shot in match with Portland Parks during U.S. volleyball championships at Seattle.



WAITING motorcyclists prepare for start of 100-mile race in which Chuck Meyer finished first at Catalina Grand Prix.

COMING EVENTS

May 18 through May 27

Baseball

- New York vs. Milwaukee, New York, 1:25 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Ray Robinson vs. Carl (Bake) Olson, middleweights, Ringby Field, Los Angeles (15 rounds championship), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Dog Show

- Southwest Missouri Kennel Show, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Ft. William, Ont.

Track & Field

- Big Seven Outdoor championships, Manhattan, Kans. (also May 20).
- Pacific Coast Conference championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also May 19).
- Southeastern Conference championships, Birmingham (also May 19).

Auto

Auto Racing

- Cumberland National Sports Car Championship race, Cumberland, Md. (also May 20).
- Indianapolis 500-mile Classic qualification trials, Indianapolis (also May 20).

Baseball

- Chicago (NL) vs. New York (NL), Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (CBS*)
- Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Brooklyn, 1:55 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Clarence (Duke) Farris vs. Hal Galles, welterweights, Detroit (10 rds.)

Horse Racing

- The Preakness, \$100,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr-olds up, Pimlico, Baltimore, 1:30 p.m. (CBS)
- Camden Handicap, \$30,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr-olds and up, Garden State, Camden, N.J., 5:30 p.m. (NBC)
- The Acorn, \$25,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr-old fillies, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- Continental Turf Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds and up, Belmont at Washington Park, Chicago.

Hunt Racing

- Box Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.

Lawrence

- Army vs. Syracuse, West Point, N.Y.
- Baltimore vs. Holmira, Baltimore
- John Hopkins vs. Maryland, Baltimore
- Navy vs. Princeton, Annapolis, Md.
- RPI vs. Colgate, Troy, N.Y.

Rowing

- Columbia Cup Regatta, Princeton, N.J.
- U. of Calif. vs. U. of Wash., Oakland, Calif.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Minneapolis.

Track & Field

- British Games, White City, London (through May 21)

Baseball

- Miami Grouper Hill Club, Manchester, N.Y.
- NASCAR 150-mile Chevrolet Championship Car-race race, Longhew, Pa.
- NASCAR 150-mile Grand National Championship Escort race, Martinsville, Va.

Baseball

- New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 7 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- ABC championship tournament, Rochester, N.Y. (airplay).
- Don Carlin vs. Steve Rago, Chicago, 9:30 C.D.T. (NBC)

Dog Show

- Long Island Kennel Club show, Locust Valley, N.Y.

Baseball

- New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 1:25 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Ernest Charles vs. Wayne Belton, heavyweight, St. Nick's, New York (10 rds.), 12 p.m. (Du Mont)
- Charley Joseph vs. Al Kruus, middleweights, New Orleans (10 rds.)

Horse Racing

- Breeders Handicap, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr-olds and up, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Baseball

- Edmonton rodeo, Edmonton, Alta. (through May 24)

Baseball

- Detroit vs. New York, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutel*)

Horse Show

- Tulsa Show, Tulsa (through May 26)

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Brooklyn, 1:25 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Bob Scottfield vs. Johnny Sumarwin, heavyweights, Olympia Arena, Detroit (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Fielding

- Baffins Tote Tournament, Nassau, Bahamas (last day)

Horse Racing

- Cherry Hill Stakes, \$10,000, 5 f., 2-yr-olds, Garden State, Glendon, N.J.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Spokane.

Baseball

- Detroit vs. New York, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutel*)

Dog Show

- Morris and Essex Kennel Club show, Madison, N.J.

Golf

- Dallas Continental Open, \$20,000, Dallas (through May 21)

Horse Show

- Competition show, Germantown, Tenn. (through May 26)

Baseball

- Riding Club rodeo, Springfield, La. (through May 26)

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Vancouver, B.C.

Baseball

- New York vs. Brooklyn, New York, 7 p.m. (Mutel*)

Auto Racing

- Locked 24-hour Rally, Los Angeles (also May 26).
- NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Sprint race, Abolition, Pa.

Baseball

- Columbus vs. Charlotte, Columbus, Ga., 7:30 p.m. (Mutel*)

Boxing

- Charles Hunter vs. Gene Palmer, middleweight, Madison Square Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

- A.P.J. Amateur Tournament, Hobbs, N. Mex. (also May 20)

Horse Show

- Lower Snake River Valley Quarter Horse Show, Emmet, Idaho (through May 21).

Lawrence

- Penn State vs. Cornell, State College, Pa.
- Union vs. RPI, Schenectady.

Sailing

- Stange Class Olympic trials, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.
- Spinn Royal Ocean race, Larchmont, N.Y.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Victoria, B.C.

Track & Field

- Big Ten Outdoor championships, Minneapolis (also May 20)
- ICA-A Outdoor championships, New York (also May 20)

Baseball

- International show, Zurich, Switzerland (also May 27)

Auto Show

- Indianapolis 500-mile Classic qualification trials, Indianapolis (also May 21).
- NASCAR 100-mile Chevrolet Championship Sprint race, Columbia, S.C.

Baseball

- New York vs. Brooklyn, New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
- Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, 1:30 p.m. (Mutel*)

Dog Show

- Wood Valley Kennel Club show, Pecos, N.M.

Fielding

- Cal State International Tote tournament, Malibu, California (through June 1)

Horse Racing

- The Coliseum, \$100,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.
- Jersey Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/8 miles, 3-yr-olds, Garden State, Camden, N.J.
- Sunlight Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr-olds and up, Miami and Miami, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Hunt Racing

- Adjacent Hunt Race Meeting, Purchase, N.Y.

Lawrence

- Army vs. Navy, West Point, N.Y.
- W. Washington vs. Johns Hopkins, Baltimore
- Ohio State vs. Cleveland L.C., Columbus, Ohio

Shooting

- World Pigeon Shooting championships, Rome, Italy (through June 1)
- World Trap Shooting championships, Rome, Italy (through June 1)

Track & Field

- California Relays, Modesto, Calif.

Baseball

- New York vs. Brooklyn, New York, 7 p.m. (Mutel*)

Auto Racing

- 1,000-kilometer race, Hockenheim, Germany.
- NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Sprint race, Pittsburgh

Baseball

- New York vs. Brooklyn, New York, 7 p.m. (Mutel*)

Dog Show

- Boston Terrier Club show, York, Mass.

Horse Racing

- Memorial Day race, Green Lake, Seattle.

Boxing

- New York Boxing Association Regatta, Belleville, N.Y.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Portland, Ore.

Track & Field

- AAU 15-kilometer walk, Lake Hopewell, N.J.

* See local listing

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BOXING by MARTIN KANE

Another thrilling chapter in the continued story of
Floyd Patterson, heavyweight who now looms as

THE MAN WHO

THE PLOT SO FAR: Cus D'Amato, manager of the rising young heavyweight Floyd Patterson, and his father-in-law, Harvey "Tab" Jacobs, Jr., owner, president, and star of the sport, were feuding. Neither would speak to the other. Patterson could not see TV fights. Rocky Marciano, world's heavyweight champion, was about to retire. Archie Moore, aging, crafty contender in the three, plotted a snap fight which might be unpopular with the millions. But Patterson, young, hard, sure, with, held his line, putting full confidence in the judgment of his mentor and the astute guidance of D'Amato. As our last installment (April 18 issue) ended, both combatants were keeping D'Amato and the IBC apart. Would they go together? And if so, when will was the strongest? Would the deeply, powerful IBC deliver its punch and make the one pattern, a telephone call (GI 1-8282), that could lead to a reconciliation with Cus? Now comes the therapy:

was no disagreement on the proper opponent for Patterson. It would have to be Hurricane Jackson, who had risen to the No. 2 challenger's position by losing every once in a while to Jimmy Slade but also by displaying the emotional stability of such opponents as Edward Charles and Bob Baker with the most confusing attack ever launched against sound, orthodox boxing men.

It was settled, finally, that Patterson and Jackson would meet on the night of June 8 at Madison Square Garden in the second of the IBC's elimination fights. Each would get a minimum of \$40,000 (10 times what D'Amato had previously been offered). The fight would be televised.

So, at long last, one of boxing's very biggest plums was served to Floyd Patterson.

The D'Amato-Patterson camp, certain of victory over Jackson, would be happy to meet Archie Moore for the title in September but the IBC has other notions. It would like very much to drag out the eliminations and, in this respect, got off to a fine, slow start the other night in Miami Beach, where Bob Baker and Johnny Holman, two ponderous hulks, poked at each other with little effect for 12 rounds. Baker, who in the presence of Holman can seem faster than he is, was easily.

continued on page 12



"No—FUCK!"



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RESEARCH IN PROGRESS

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What the voters registered, beyond a percent of high-ranking party officials, is not too apparent. Most believe his master Baker. But the 1987's thinking of becoming a member of the same ring with either Patterson or Archer. Moore, who joined Baker a couple of years ago.

[illegible]

Months later, back at lower third floor, on the shores of Greenview Lake, N.Y., Flayed Patterson was introduced to a handful of boxing writers, many of whom later went on to write his obituary, where he is mentioned only as "George McBrat" at the Garden, almost a year ago.

He has given some, then, agreed, a firmness to his neck, mounting his broad shoulders. His neck is sturdier. His arms suggest the confident power of a heavyweight. He has been training and is doing so. He is ready.

There, as he said a minute before he is transported into the swirling, Eternity-filled landscape, with Judah Medford, a renegade of the 19th century, C'pallan was his father's first, greatest friend, as interesting the parallelism. Patterson, before departing, promises to leave Judah there, with appropriate care, the rest of his party, and long, and a hundred years, before he had given Patterson's word, but, because Judah did his best to stay away. He failed, and instead, now Patterson was able to show off his unparalleled speed and power only, rather, as intended. Medford into events. That, he says, something, which, to start, something.

with a left hook, sometimes with a right to the body, sounded like a fast tattoo on a big bass drum.

One fact more than any other was impressive. When Patterson is hit hard his instant response is not a retreat but an attack. Scarcely would Melrose land one of his solid rights than Patterson would swarm over him with a series of four and even five punches, all delivered with mercurial speed. Knocking Patterson hard is a little like walking up to a big gun and pulling the trigger while it is pointed in your face.

After that Melrose looked almost happy as he departed. He would box Patterson no more.

There was excited discussion over the fact that, should Patterson win the championship in September, he would be the youngest ever to take the heavyweight title. He was 21 last January. Joe Lewis, who holds the youth record, was 23 when he defeated Jim Braddock. This kind of talk indicates the trend of everyone's thinking.

NOT EASILY FLUSTERED

Least excited of anyone was Floyd Patterson, whose position right at a champion's entrance. He was that cool and collected, thoughtful and composed as pleasantly taciturn.

Did he expect that Hurricane Jackson's world style would bother him?

"Well, I hope not."

Did he think he could KO Jackson?

"I'm going to try."

This, clearly, is no Archie Moore. He has a willingness to accept the facts as they are. He has been knocked down only once in his professional career—the result of a right to the head while coming out of a clinch. It's a nasty struggle up referring to this "clinch," because Floyd stubbornly insisted that it was a true knockdown.

This fellow, then, is not likely to be flustered by the variety of a Hurricane Jackson. He is, in fact, very likely to knock out Jackson sometime in the earlier of the 12 rounds.

And after that he will be but a step or two away from the world heavyweight championship, at a time when the prospects for true competition are reasonably bright. While the upper ranks of the division are poorly staffed with worthy challengers and fighters, there are enough men around whom who may well with speed and confidence become contenders among the big fighters in many a year. These include Sammartino and Koko Martin, continued whom has brought the opposition, etc., but such has shown no promise that the outlook is bright.



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Early power in the National League shifts westward.

Milwaukee is hot. So is St. Louis. And in Cincinnati

THE BIRDIE CHIRPS

THE WESTERN CLUBS in the National League moved into the East this week, and for the first time in a decade it was no cliché to speak of "invasion." For at this early stage the balance of power in the league has swung to the West.

There is a very real cyclical movement between East and West. Consider: from 1901 to 1910 the West won eight of 10 pennants, while the East took 12 of the next 14. The West then ran off with 18 of the next 22, but since 1943, eastern teams have won the pennant nine straight times and dominated the first division.

Now, however, three western clubs scramble with Brooklyn for first place. Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati swagger eastward with the confidence of success. Will they go home swaggering or limping?

Of the western teams, the Cincinnati Redlegs are especially appealing. For one thing, they have not been out of the second division since 1944, while every other major league club has had at least one first-division finish since then.

Secondly, they have an imposing array of big, hairy-backed hitters who are delighting crowds with a record number of home runs (43 in their first 21 games).

Finally they have as manager, the round-faced Mr. George Robert Tebbets. Birdie, who majored in philosophy at college, is a thinker and a talker, and last week he was thinking and talking about the pennant race.

"This league better stop Milwaukee," he warned. "They're apt to do just what Brooklyn did last year: get so far ahead no one will catch them. They're a good solid team. Still, anyone who wins this pennant has got to beat Brooklyn. Don't forget that. The Cardinals are playing great ball. They're a lot like us. They score a lot of runs, but they give a lot away. We have a little more power than they have; they have a little more speed."

He paused for effect.

"There's going to be a real race in

this league this year. Nobody's easy. You used to get mad when the Pirates beat you. Now you can't get mad. The Pirates with their pitching might come in anytime and knock the block right off you.

"Our team," he said, "is improved. Right now I have the only catcher in the big leagues with a lifetime batting average over .100, and where is he—on the bench?" (Put little Smokey Burgess



CHEERFUL MANAGER Birdie Tebbets thinks his Redlegs will win the pennant.

has been kept out by young Ed Bailey's fine playing.)

When Milwaukee came into Cincinnati last week another reliable baseball cliché—"verbal series"—was quoted off and run out to describe the four games scheduled between the two clubs. Of course, the cliché was justified, for after Birdie's warning that "someone better stop the Braves," it was clearly Cincinnati's duty to be that someone.

The first game was, in a word, memorable. The Braves won 3-2 in 10 innings, but only after the Redlegs'

manager, a coach and two players had been thrown out of the game.

The trouble started in the fourth inning when Tebbets objected to Umpire Vic Delmonico's decision that one of Hal Jeffcoat's pitches was a ball. Birdie strode toward the pitcher's mound and called comfortably, "Don't worry about it, Hal; it was a good pitch. He's just not seeing very well tonight." Birdie's fine voice has a splendid carry and had no trouble reaching Delmonico's ears. Tebbets was out of the game. A rainfall of disapproving jeers fell on the umpire.

It was only the beginning. In the seventh, Jeffcoat dove off the mound for a little pop fly, but Delmonico ruled that he failed to catch it. Jeffcoat came in anger and raged at the umpire, bumping against him in fury. That put Jeffcoat out of the game too, and the already excited crowd forgot it was in sedate Cincinnati. Bases swelled in the night, and paper cups, rubber balls, cigar stubs and at least one whisky bottle (a pin, it was reported) fell on the field. The uproar was splendid fun until the public address announcer pleaded: "A little boy—a little boy was just hurt. Please, ladies and gentlemen, don't throw things!"

In the 10th Ed Bailey was forced out at second on a very close play. He objected strenuously but finally headed for the Redleg dugout. Surprisingly enough Umpire Hal Dixon followed him, continuing the discussion. Acting Manager Jimmy Dykes hurried out as peacekeeper, but too late. Bailey had been thrown out.

Dykes in righteous wrath told Dixon: "You blankety-blanks are ruining the game."

"You're out too!" Dixon shouted back.

Umpire Jocko Conlon, an old friend of Dykes who had had a quiet night at first base, came over. Dykes turned to Jocko appealingly.

"Don't look at me, Jim," Jocko warned. "I don't know what's going on."

"Well, join them other three," Dykes retorted. "They don't either."

Coach Frank McCormick followed Dykes for the last two outs, the third Cincinnati manager of the evening, and an equally unsuccessful one, as the Braves won out 5-3.

Next day the Redlegs did stop Milwaukee in a wild 14-10 game, but on Sunday the Braves crushed Cincinnati twice. Birdie's boys had not done much to slow Milwaukee down, but they headed East hopefully in search of more decent opponents.

X-RAY

BEAM STANDSTILL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

City	Runs	Wins	Losses	Percentage
Philadelphia	41	10	10	.500
Pittsburgh	41	10	10	.500
Cincinnati	39	10	10	.500
St. Louis	38	10	10	.500
Chicago	37	10	10	.500
Washington	36	10	10	.500
Boston	35	10	10	.500
Brooklyn	34	10	10	.500
New York	33	10	10	.500
San Francisco	32	10	10	.500

AMERICAN LEAGUE

City	Runs	Wins	Losses	Percentage
Philadelphia	41	10	10	.500
Pittsburgh	41	10	10	.500
Cincinnati	39	10	10	.500
St. Louis	38	10	10	.500
Chicago	37	10	10	.500
Washington	36	10	10	.500
Boston	35	10	10	.500
Brooklyn	34	10	10	.500
New York	33	10	10	.500
San Francisco	32	10	10	.500

LEAGUE STANDSTILL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

City	Runs	Wins	Losses	Percentage
Philadelphia	41	10	10	.500
Pittsburgh	41	10	10	.500
Cincinnati	39	10	10	.500
St. Louis	38	10	10	.500
Chicago	37	10	10	.500
Washington	36	10	10	.500
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HEROES AND GOATS

THE LEAGUE (See May 11)

City	Runs	Wins	Losses	Percentage
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The willful champion is ready for the Preakness, second jewel of the Triple Crown, and at Pimlico the problem is

CAN ANYONE BEAT NEEDLES?

IN THE LIGHT of the Kentucky Derby results I suppose you would have to conclude that the best running of the Preakness, which takes place at Pimlico this week, should boil down to another tantalizing duel between Fabius, the front runner, and Needles, the stretch runner.

And why, we might ask ourselves, should not Needles—who has literally done everything asked of him in competition this season—he fully capable of doing it once again at the expense of horses he has now licked in Florida and Kentucky? Well, on the surface, Needles should win—in fact he really must win if he is to prove himself a truly top colt. And yet, let's not forget that Pimlico is not Churchill Downs; form in race horses can change tremendously in the space of two weeks,

and the Preakness has traditionally been just the sort of contest that has brought grief to many a horse fresh from the glory at Louisville.

Needles' people—let's face it—want to win the Preakness very much. Not so much, perhaps, for its monetary value as for the prestige that a win at Pimlico carries for any good 3-year-old. The Preakness is the second leg of the Triple Crown—two weeks after the Derby and four weeks before the Belmont. It is run over a course originally laid out in 1870 and governed by the Maryland Jockey Club, which, upon its organization at Annapolis back in 1744, became America's first racing association. When the Preakness field parades to the post this Saturday in the accompaniment of Maryland, *My Maryland* the vast majority of natives

in the huge crowd won't have to be reminded that this is a state, a track and a race as rich in turf heritage as any in the land.

However, for all the nostalgia that will be in the air at Pimlico this week, there is a vitally important race to consider. And, for all the qualities observed in the most recent winner of the Kentucky Derby it doesn't seem unreasonable to come out and say that this 1974 Preakness might turn out to be the toughest race of Needles' 3-year-old career. Heavily favored as he undoubtedly will be, Needles will be facing his biggest test. He could easily lose.

Let's analyze briefly. The Derby distance was a mile and a quarter. In the Preakness the distance is one-and-sixths of a mile shorter—shorter, in other

DERBY WINNERS AND THE TRIPLE CROWN

Except for a few years when the Preakness and Belmont weren't contested, a Triple Crown has been possible since 1875. However, only 19 horses have won two of the

races, and only eight managed to win all three. The first was Sir Barton in 1919. The following chart traces the line of Derby winners in those other great classic races.

YEAR	DERBY	PREAKNESS	BELMONT	YEAR	DERBY	PREAKNESS	BELMONT
1919	SIR BARTON	first	first	1938	Lovely	second	second
1920	Paul Jones	second	second	1939	Johnston	placed	first
1925	Behave Yourself	second	second	1940	Salutation	first	placed
1927	Warwick	second	second	1941	WHIRLAWAY	first	first
1928	Joe	placed	first	1942	Star Out	placed	first
1929	Black Gold	second	second	1943	COUNT FLIGHT	first	first
1929	Flying Ebony	second	second	1949	Favorite	first	second
1949	Assaulting Over	second	second	1949	Hope In	second	second
1950	Whisper	first	second	1949	ASSAULT	first	first
1950	Rough Count	second	second	1949	Jet Pilot	placed	second
1950	Clyde Van Dusen	second	second	1949	CITATION	first	first
1948	GALLANT FOX	first	first	1949	Ponder	placed	second
1951	Twenty Grand	second	first	1950	Whirligwind	second	first
1951	Burgin King	first	second	1950	Court Tied	second	placed
1951	Broken Tip	placed	second	1950	Hill Gail	second	second
1951	Cavalcade	second	second	1950	Dark Star	placed	second
1951	OMAHA	first	first	1951	Delaware	second	second
1950	Raid Venture	first	second	1951	Swaps	second	second
1957	WAR ADMIRAL	first	first	1956	Needles	?	?



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golfers and farm tools - Rikenite
Shafts - Rikenite shafts

HORSE RACING

Continued from page 717

Peabody will work to Needles' advantage, and, judging from the real time of the Derby, it wouldn't appear that more than eight or 10 colts would have any chance whatsoever of beating him or keeping up with Fabius. But working possibly to his disadvantage of being possibly out of Preakness with its comparatively tight turns and a horse stretch which is one-tenth of a mile shorter than the one in Kentucky.

But what about the opposition? The only colt that seems to merit serious consideration has to be Fabius. This good-looking son of Cynosure trained off the first mile of the Derby in the near-record time of 1:36 4/5, and, as noted before, had not Nasrullah so skillfully evaded trouble while running out his own last quarter in 24 seconds. Fabius would have surely won the whole pot. And now, at a shorter distance, how can a front runner with such blistering passing ability be counted out? He can't, and one of the most enthusiastic supporters of this doctrine is young Willie Hartack who will ride Fabius again. After the Derby, when Willie was asked to comment on the race, he said, "Fabius didn't slow down a bit under me. Needles just speeded up. Needles took a nice long time to get in gear last time, and now time Fabius and I are going to be going places. It's up to him, so rated, us."

Times changed, however, and Nasrullah will be back for another crack at the champion. They are Come to Bed, the surprise third-place Derby finisher, Count Chieftain and No Regrets who wound up fourth and seventh respectively. The first two are strong stretch runners, while No Regrets faded badly in the Derby after trading Fabius by only half a length at the end of the mile. Then, too, there may be Edfil Blue, the front-running speed horse who finished second in last week's Withers. The winner of the Kentucky was not nominated for the Preakness and probably Goliath, who, in the aftermath of a moral victory in the Wood Memorial, was made a supplementary nomination at a cost of \$7,500—only later to run a most unimpressive sixth in the Withers.

The 80th Preakness may not boast the classical status of its predecessors, but it could provide one of the truly dramatic races of the whole season. If Needles wins, few will deny his great chance of taking next month's Belmont and the Triple Crown. —R.M.

**After a spring of bad weather and sudden upsets,
Cornell met the best crews in the East and emerged**

KING OF THE RIVER

THE EASTERN sprint championships at Washington, D.C., last week shed some belated light on the college crew situation, which has been a hopeless snarl of bad weather and beaten favorites all spring. At the beginning of the season there were three questions to be answered: Could Cornell, national champion in 1965 over the three-mile collegiate course, raise its powerful rowing heat high enough to compete over the 2,000-meter (1.24-mile) distance; could the 1962 Navy crew, eight-oared champions at the last Olympics and currently back in training at the Academy, get into shape in time for the tryouts June 28; could Penn, last year's eastern sprint champions over the 2,000-meter course, improve enough to hold off both Cornell and the Navy others?

Then came the first regatta, and quite suddenly there were a great many more questions. In quick succession, Princeton beat the Navy officers and Pennsylvania, Bat, just as Princeton Coach Dutch Schoch was beginning to think he had something, his No. 7 man dropped over to finish a senior there. That blow fell two weeks ago, and Schoch was mildly stunned. "He really got hosed," he muttered. "I don't know what in blazes we're going to do."

HARK HORNES, HARK DAYS

Meanwhile a dark horse Yale crew became a contender by winning a tune-up over Boston University, then moving to Philadelphia and beating Penn.

Finally there was Cornell, held to 11 days of practice by bad weather but still inherently good enough to beat Navy in a one-mile sprint.

The May 5 Carnegie Cup, which brought together Yale, Cornell and Princeton, promised to be a preview of the eastern sprints—and more. As Russell (Stork) Sanford, Cornell's 6-foot 5-inch, 180-pound coach put it: "Figure whoever wins this race today has the inside track in the East, at least, and perhaps in the Olympics."

Yale, benefiting from continuous

practice since February 22 on its protected course, got off in front and rowed handsomely to win by a length and a quarter. Princeton was seventh—24 lengths back at the finish with a ragged performance all along the way.

Besides defeat, Cornell suffered a double humiliation during the Carnegie Cup. One race midway when Cornell seemed to be moving up on Yale. "We're moving," shouted the Cornell cox. "We're catching them."

Bill Becklean, cox of Yale, glanced over with disdain. "The hell you are," he roared.

The second humiliation was a full crab, caught by Cornell only a few yards from the finish, which gave Yale its winning margin of 1 1/2 lengths.

So Yale was a natural, if shaky, favorite for the eastern sprints. The water along the Potomac that day was standard for this spring—choppy and slate gray. During the trial heats, six of 18 competing colleges qualified, with Yale posting best time—6:23.4.

In the finals, Cornell got off well, a seat or two behind the front-running Yale boat, rowing at 31 strokes a minute. Then began a poker-game test of nerve and strength. Cornell raised the stroke to 32, drew even with Yale and went ahead by half a boat at 1,000 meters. Princeton and Navy at that point were only a length behind the leader. But from here on it was a two-boat race.

Yale raised to 33, drew even. Navy and Princeton faded back. Cornell raised again. As the two shells approached the line it was easy to count the stroke—now up to a frantic 36—but none of the 15,000 onlookers could say which was ahead. Then, in an astonishing sequel to the Carnegie Cup finish, Yale caught a crab just five strokes from home. Cornell won by only that difference: one seat, four to six feet. The winning time was 6:16.

Cornell had more than proven itself over the sprint distance and, with plenty of practice promised by the warming weather, was now a good bet for Melbourne. The prediction looked especially strong when the Navy officers, going into the Potomac for a special time trial, covered the sprint course in a competent but uninspiring 6:23.4.

The coaches were almost unanimous in their praise of Sanford's boat. "It's the biggest and strongest boys who won," said Jim Newcomb, cox of Boston University, "and Cornell's got 'em. Stork's always had the smoothest looking crew in the country. He's a tremendous technician."

The technician agreed: "We're getting stronger all the time. The boys are still cold from lack of mileage and as a result they're on some days and off others. Today they got on it and stayed on it; and today they did it."

■

At day's end, however, there was some significant news from the West Coast, where Al Ulrickson's University of Washington crew outrowed a fine Stanford boat by two lengths in a 2 1/2-mile race. In the light of Stanford's victory over California the preceding week, Washington was obviously the best on the Coast. And if previous years are any indication, Washington could still cause trouble for Cornell in the June 16 intercollegiate, and perhaps in the Olympic tryouts eleven days later. (E.B.B.)



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When putting techniques are dissected and discussed, it strikes me that perhaps too little is said about the role timing plays. Granted that the putting stroke calls for a different execution from the tees-to-green strokes, nevertheless it requires the same sense of timing that the longer shots do.

In this day and age when people are happiest if you can reveal to them some "inside" short cut to success, I realize how commonplace it must seem to golfers to remind them that they must work on their timing above all. Nevertheless, it is what puts the ball into the hole, and the various mantras and the top putters employ simply help the individual to refine his timing. For myself, putting is, and has always been, the application of a few tried-and-true, old-fashioned precepts. The weight is a shade forward. With my line decided on, I work on getting the right speed. I try to take the putter back with both hands, directly on the line. I try to hit the ball solidly, square. I let the club head go right toward the hole.

When I fall into a spell of below-standard putting, it is generally because I am picking the putter up on the backswing and throwing my timing and my stroke off. When I check my grip at these times, I am almost certain to find that I have let my left hand slide off to the left. Turning the left hand more on top, where it should be, helps me to get back on the right track.



1. **Introduction**



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SEST AKER, EDITH WILLIAMS ON DEVELOPING LIFE INSURANCE

THE STORY OF JOHN LANDY

continued from page 31

In the minds of those who listened to him in Fresno, which was only dramatized by John Landy's unfeigned disappointment. In a single fortnight he had flown 5,000 miles from Australia to the U.S., had not only accepted a legion of press conferences, answered performers, radio shows and television spots which would have staggered a candidate for the U.S. Senate, but had won his audience to a man with his prose, his patience and an articulate bonhomie.

In accepting, without reserve, the responsibility of serving as an "ambassador" for Australia and a sort of spokesman for the Melbourne Olympics, he had virtually promised to run two four-minute miles in eight days. And, for all the nervous strain of his incessant extracurricular activities, he had done so—a feat without precedent in the annals of track. If he had been beaten by a jump in the surprising race with Jim Bailey he had also made the pace and thus opened the door of fame to his fellow countryman.

Landy is a complex human—an intellectual with a compulsion for the arena, and a stoic disregard for pain and exhaustion; a reserved and sensitive man whose mind is expelled, but whose spirits are kindled, by the roar of applause and the mindless glare of publicity. The mile is much more than a race to Landy; it is, one gathers, almost a problem in esthetics. "I'd rather lose a 3:38 mile," he says, "than win one in 4:10." He has never betrayed by the slightest word or gesture anything but the utmost admiration for those who have beaten him. But he burns too. "I'm vicious underneath," he said last week in a burst of almost apologetic candor. "Now, tapping back to underachievement: I'm terribly irritated when I lose."

Landy's career can be roughly divided into two sections—before and after his historic loss to Roger Bannister in the Miles of the Century two paragraphs. He was bruised by defeat at Vancouver. He had been running, literally, almost every day for four long years, and he suffered a massive emotional letdown. "Everybody beat me when I got home," he says. "A schoolboy beat me in a quarter mile. I could see no reason for going on. Running is not a big sport in Australia, and I had run against the best in the world on the best tracks in the world. At home I faced the prospect of running badly on mediocre tracks against mediocre competition in little

meets attended by three people. It was too much. Running is not a life; I had to quit sometime. I decided that the time had come to scrub it."

He became a schoolmaster. Landy, a graduate in agricultural science from Melbourne University, is probably the most famous alumnus of Australia's exclusive Geelong Grammar School. Geelong itself—an institution patterned rigidly after the English public school—is housed in a series of stately Georgian buildings not far from Melbourne. But four years ago, influenced by progressive educational theories evolved in Scotland by German-born Educator Kurt Hahn, it also established a remote branch called Timbertop, a cluster of rustic wooden buildings scattered through a great forest of poplar and gum trees in the Australian Alps. No formal sports are permitted at Timbertop, and the patterns of scholastic existence are broken as much as possible; Geelong boys all go there for one year and are encouraged to be on their own in the surrounding wilderness. When Geelong's English headmaster, Dr. J. R. Darling, invited him to teach biology at this mountain retreat, Landy gratefully accepted.

PEACE, QUIET—AND FREEDOM

He could hardly have found a better place to rest, to lick his wounds, to contemplate his fate and assess his own nature. He found the life of a schoolmaster rewarding in many ways. But his first seven months, too, in many other ways, "the low point of my life." He had found himself, for years, to live a life of iron self-discipline and self-denial, but it was a life which involved gladiatorial excitement, enormous emotional strain and release, globe-trotting and waves of publicity and problems such as desertion, kidnapping and mob riots or heads of state. Now he found himself immersed in a quasi-monastic life without competition or excitement.

Landy has been fascinated, since boyhood, with Australian leoprotectors and has spent many a day walking through open country looking for rare manifestations of moths and butterflies. He turned back to it, but his amateur ornithology was, after all, only a hobby. And teaching demanded a degree of self-effacement which, he was surprised to discover, came hard to him. He missed the violent individual self-expression, the feel of combat,

continued on next page

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THE STORY OF JOHN LANDY

(continued from page 37)

which, almost without his realizing it, the mile had been giving him.

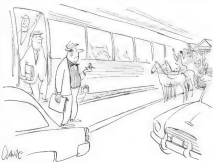
Landy had been a miler almost by accident. As a teen-ager he tried sprinting, and, at one point was clocked in a 10.6 hundred on wet grass, but he soon decided that the God-given talent needed for 9.4 was not his. Later, he seriously took up rough-hewn Australian football, an audacious a venture for a youth of 145 pounds as if he had set out to play American football against 240-pounders. But he concluded that he would never be among the top 10 men in the country. "I would have needed an extraordinary degree of agility against big men" and finally, while attending Melbourne University, attacked the mile. At first, feeling he had little talent, he was interested in it simply because he considered it an event at which he might become proficient through sheer doggedness.

But gradually it became a tremendous, a fascinating challenge to him. It was, he came to feel, "the human struggle" artificially contrived. "In any running event," he says, "you are absolutely alone. Nobody can help you. But short races are run without thought. In very long runs you must go a great distance simply to be present in the laps that really count. But almost every part of the mile is tactically important—you can never let down, never stop thinking, and you can be beaten at almost any point. I suppose you could say it is like life. I had wanted to master it." By the sixth month, at Timbertop—although he

had retired as the world record holder—he could not shake the feeling that he had failed: "I could not forget the shock I got when I saw Roger Barnister whipping past me on the final bend."

For seven months, Landy did no training at all, although he counteracted his restlessness with hundreds of miles of hiking through the mountainous country. But gradually he found himself attempting, sometimes on paper, to analyze the mile, to reduce the art of running to an exercise and thus find where he had erred. He finally decided that the key lay in one simple fact: the race was run in a circle—or at any rate on a oval. "If you run on a straight it will be completely different. The circular track means it must be run in Indian file and the circular track divides the runners into the leaders and the hunted, the riders who look back and wait and the men who make the pace. Every psychological aspect of the mile depends on that, and the man who sets the pace accepts a tremendous psychological disadvantage.

"All the responsibility for making the race rests on the pacer—the hunted. It is an exhausting thing, and you can only attempt to guess what is happening behind you and what is in the minds of the hunters. Of course, you can get a rail-order to make the pace for two laps and then drop out, but that is artificial. It is not running the mile. Or you can simply set on your own—stay behind no matter how slow the race goes and wait. It is very comforting to do it—you can draw a bead on him and relax and sooner or later you will find a moment to attack him and if you do it at the right time you



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THE STORY OF JOHN LANDY

Continued from page 54

certain periods. He did exercise constantly "to bring up my speed." He refused to decide whether he would try for the Olympics or not. But when he came within inches of beating California's World Record Holder Tom Spurrier in his first formal race, a half mile at Melbourne's Olympic Park last January, the die was cast. Australia rejected and the time-right and pressure of active competition engulfed him again.

FOUR MINUTES IT'S EASY

Landy himself felt jubilant. Turning a half mile at the pace he had run meant that he had now agreed to use in lay-in going to the world's officers. When he ran the first mile of his comeback a little later he was doubly reassured. The time was 3:58.5. He felt strong at the finish. He ran an identical mile again in April. His 17 months in the hills had given him a maturity, a positiveness he had lacked before and, he was certain, a "basic performance" under four minutes—a professional ability to approach the record whenever he chose. He felt almost sleepish about it, and still does. "I've been losing the public," he says. "The four-minute mile is vastly overrated. It is just four times around the track. If I were doing this for a living I could run it twice a week. But that would just be a performance. It's winning in real competition that counts, and there's not much purpose in running if you can't keep running faster. Is there?" For all this, he was full of hope that he could reach new heights. The reason: the Melbourne Mile, in which he had swapped stockstill in the third lap to see if a fallen runner named Ron Clarke was hurt.

"I stopped involuntarily. Then I thought, 'I've been disappointed.' Then I thought, 'No, no—I'm still in the race.' It looked impossible. Mervyn Linman (Australia's young 1000-meter) and the field were 80 yards ahead. I was in a blind panic. I didn't think about time. I didn't plan. I just ran after them. How I caught them and won I don't know, but I ran the last 100 yards in 51.4 seconds. I was dead at the end. The time was only 4:04.3, but I reckoned the energy expended was equal to a 3:56."

At this point he was asked to make the U.S. tour. He was extremely reluctant to do so, if only because he would be "pressurized," would be forced, as a sort of theatrical performer, to run for

one no matter what the competition, and do so in strange surroundings, but Melbourne City Councillor Maurice Nathan, a wealthy merchant and a leader in promotion of the Olympics, all but insisted. Nathan, back from an American junket, realized Landy's popularity in the U.S. and also felt that Australia could never attract interest in the Games almost simply by dispatching press releases. Landy finally agreed.

The pressure began in Honolulu. Reporters besieged him for a half hour after he got off the plane there; he gulped a quick lunch, held a press conference from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, made an appearance at a high school track meet, was interviewed on the radio and vaunted by newspaper editors. He ate and slept with difficulty, went to the University of Hawaii campus, ran eight miles, drank some pineapple juice and hustled to the airport. He could not sleep on the plane. The schedule was more hectic in San Francisco the next day. He ran eight more miles after midnight. In Los Angeles he went through the same routine. "If you don't get used to it," he said, "you just aren't good enough, that's all." But as the week wore on, he confessed to a sudden sense of "apprehension." He was appalled by the sheer-hard nature of the Coleman track, and at one point in midweek was doubtful that he might not be able to finish a race on it. His weight sank from 148 to 143 pounds and he slept badly. He was more nervous, before the start, than he could remember.

NO GRAY—JUST BLACK AND WHITE

Afterward he admitted that either the track—which he finally conquered by finishing eighth—was too harsh or his nerves, which had provided "a compensating excitement," had affected his running. He refused to attach any significance to the fact that his feet were cut and blistered by his heavy training. "There is no gray—just black and white" in this injury business. If you're hurt badly enough to limp, you can't run at all. If you aren't, it makes no difference." But he was hurt by Bailey's stretch victory, "and that was a big day," he said. "He's improved tremendously, his style went to the limit. I don't want to take anything away from him, but I doubt that he could do it alone, or that he could do it again right off [Bailey ran 1:00.4 last Saturday]. The point is—he has the equipment to do it. So have a lot of others. I'm mortally afraid, now, that nobody, including myself, has the

margin of superiority to be able to make the pace and win."

Yet if he was discouraged he kept it to himself after that moment. When Pete Roselle, former public relations man for the Los Angeles Rams, who shepherded him through the tour, announced that Landy hoped to "relax a little" after the meet, a reporter cracked: "What does he do for relaxation—take a Miltdown?" It was an unfair estimate of Landy's nature. He did just what any sensible man would have done after so difficult a week: he sat up relaxing his adventures, drank a few Scotches and went to bed with a mild glow.

Last week, with the heat subsiding, he proved himself a humorous and extremely sensible fellow, albeit one with a sardonic eye. When Shepelle Roselle announced, amid a long-distance call to Melbourne, that Australian newspapers were reporting the tour on Page One daily, Landy muttered: "Sinking." As Roselle recounted his ambassadorial triumphs, Landy matched up and down the room, grinning incessantly and lifting an imaginary pitchfork. He was fascinated by Los Angeles' speeding automobiles ("I keep expecting to see everybody in town arrested on races") and by Los Angeles' radio advertising ("Henry Ford himself wouldn't have enough money to buy what I've been asked to buy in the last 10 minutes"). At Fresno when an Australian newsmen reported, in some excitement, that he had just seen a real cowboy, Landy asked: "What's he look like?" Said the informant: "Tight blue jeans, cowboy boots, black shirt and a big hat." Landy broke in: "Oh, I know him—Wes Santee." He was outpoken in his disappointment after last Saturday's race, but once the post-race questioning was through, Landy spoke no more about it.

"I had hoped to be able to pull out a big one," he said. "But right now, I'm going to have two hamburgers with French fries on the side. Perhaps I'll have a good go at racing in the Games." (R.R.C.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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1443-1444-73, 1445-1446-73, 1447-1448-73, 1449-1450-73, 1451-1452-73, 1453-1454-73, 1455-1456-73, 1457-1458-73, 1459-1460-73, 1461-1462-73, 1463-1464-73, 1465-1466-73, 1467-1468-73, 1469-1470-73, 1471-1472-73, 1473-1474-73, 1475-1476-73, 1477-1478-73, 1479-1480-73, 1481-1482-73, 1483-1484-73, 1485-1486-73, 1487-1488-73, 1489-1490-73, 1491-1492-73, 1493-1494-73, 1495-1496-73, 1497-1498-73, 1499-1500-73, 1501-1502-73, 1503-1504-73, 1505-1506-73, 1507-1508-73, 1509-1510-73, 1511-1512-73, 1513-1514-73, 1515-1516-73, 1517-1518-73, 1519-1520-73, 1521-1522-73, 1523-1524-73, 1525-1526-73, 1527-1528-73, 1529-1530-73, 1531-1532-73, 1533-1534-73, 1535-1536-73, 1537-1538-73, 1539-1540-73, 1541-1542-73, 1543-1544-73, 1545-1546-73, 1547-1548-73, 1549-1550-73, 1551-1552-73, 1553-1554-73, 1555-1556-73, 1557-1558-73, 1559-1560-73, 1561-1562-73, 1563-1564-73, 1565-1566-73, 1567-1568-73, 1569-1570-73, 1571-1572-73, 1573-1574-73, 1575-1576-73, 1577-1578-73, 1579-1580-73, 1581-1582-73, 1583-1584-73, 1585-1586-73, 1587-1588-73, 1589-1590-73, 1591-1592-73, 1593-1594-73, 1595-1596-73, 1597-1598-73, 1599-1600-73, 1601-1602-73, 1603-1604-73, 1605-1606-73, 1607-1608-73, 1609-1610-73, 1611-1612-73, 1613-1614-73, 1615-1616-73, 1617-1618-73, 1619-1620-73, 1621-1622-73, 1623-1624-73, 1625-1626-73, 1627-1628-73, 1629-1630-73, 1631-1632-73, 1633-1634-73, 1635-1636-73, 1637-1638-73, 1639-1640-73, 1641-1642-73, 1643-1644-73, 1645-1646-73, 1647-1648-73, 1649-1650-73, 1651-1652-73, 1653-1654-73, 1655-1656-73, 1657-1658-73, 1659-1660-73, 1661-1662-73, 1663-1664-73, 1665-1666-73, 1667-1668-73, 1669-1670-73, 1671-1672-73, 1673-1674-73, 1675-1676-73, 1677-1678-73, 1679-1680-73, 1681-1682-73, 1683-1684-73, 1685-1686-73, 1687-1688-73, 1689-1690-73, 1691-1692-73, 1693-1694-73, 1695-1696-73, 1697-1698-73, 1699-1700-73, 1701-1702-73, 1703-1704-73, 1705-1706-73, 1707-1708-73, 1709-1710-73, 1711-1712-73, 1713-1714-73, 1715-1716-73, 1717-1718-73, 1719-1720-73, 1721-1722-73, 1723-1724-73, 1725-1726-73, 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ULTIMATE STORM

continued from page 24

feet high. The chart house is only a foot above the deck, strongly built, with a good tumble home. The binnacle is inside, seen through a six-inch porthole. There is no gear whatsoever on the afterdeck.

Until Varua was 16 years old, and had voyaged many thousands of miles, she never met full emergency conditions. In 1945, in the Gulf Stream, she met her first blow and I tried out my method, drifting dead before it with drag over the stern. The blow did not turn out to be really serious, but it was a good dress rehearsal. Since then I had never encountered conditions in which I felt it necessary to stake the ship's survival on my theory. Even now, as wind and seas built up, I did not anticipate anything out of the

ordinary. For the time being, we were still following the first of the conventional methods, lying to under our fore staysail and lower main staysail, both of which were built for this purpose. This was the way we had met previous gales on this voyage. We lay on the port tack, heading five or six points off the wind, forging slowly ahead and making visible leeway. Then we passed the night.

Down came sometime around 3:30. When there was light enough for me to see the size and weight of the seas, I put out the oil bags. The effect of the slick on the breaking crests was at once apparent, but even under the two small storm staysails we were sailing too fast, leaving the oil astern. This was temporarily corrected by heaving

'VARUA' IN DETAIL



Sail plan was especially designed for long Pacific voyages. As shown above, the carries 1) Miz, 2) topmast, 3) foremast, 4) upper main staysail, 5) middle main staysail, 6) lower main staysail, 7) mainsail. Total area with fore staysail (shown furled on foredeck) is 2,760 square feet. For heavy weather, Varua has storm mainsail (300 square feet), storm fore staysail and main staysail of about 110 square feet each.



Accommodations are spacious and designed for safety and comfort. From left are 1) deep self-draining scowling well, fading chart house and binnacle, 2) owner's cabin, 3) children's room, 4) main cabin, 5) engine room (with Deutz 47-hp diesel) and photo laboratory, 6) galley, 7) forecabin and crew's washroom, 8) forepeak.

the farm stayed somewhat to windward, leaving the other one a bit slack, which had the effect of increasing the leeway, but stopping the forward motion. The seas were as big as any I had ever seen, perhaps 20 to 25 feet, and breaking heavily. We rode beautifully, taking hardly any water on deck.

All went well until sometime after daybreak, when the seas reached such height and steepness that our sails were blanketed along in the trough and subjected to a terrific blast on the crest. When the wind began to tear off whole chunks of sea from the crests, and haul them across the deck and into the sails, I took them off.

We then fastened the wheel and binnacle and let her take her natural drift under bare poles. Realizing that this was heading up into something bigger than we had yet experienced, we put extra lashings around all the sails. Everything else was already strung and secure.

We were now using the second method of riding out a storm: letting the ship take care of herself. Finding her natural drift, Vance fell off several points and drifted slowly downwind with the sea on her quarter, driven and steadied by the wind on her main and yards. In spite of the increasing wind and seas she was easier and drier than she had been before.

The barometer had fallen half an inch in a few hours. The speed with which wind and sea built up was amazing. The familiar moan of the gale in the rigging increased to a raw, high-pitched wail. But Vance was taking care of herself well with wheel locked, helped by the oil slick, as I worked off my nervous energy doing two jobs I had been putting off: mousing and cleaning the engine-room bilge suction and taking up a section of floor to retrieve a lost wrench.

Gradually during the day the gale shifted from northeast to north, but slowly enough so that the seas shifted with it. The ship continued to handle herself nicely, coming up gradually as the wind shifted, keeping it on her quarter. The oil seemed to reduce the power of the breaking crests so that no solid water came aboard. The barometer had stopped its downward rush at 29.20 and was backing off. This was the most impressive I had ever experienced, but the whole thing had developed so fast I was convinced it would blow itself out in a matter of hours.

I was wrong, for as night fell both wind and sea were worse and I began to feel uneasy. The barometer now remained steady. Oil bags were removed

(continued on next page)

AMAZING RECORD ON DUNLOP TIRES 17,500 GRUELLING MILES WITHOUT A TIRE FAILURE



Last year English author Richard Pope drove an Austin A-50 Westminster from North Cape, Norway to Capetown, South Africa — two-thirds the circumference of the globe — on Dunlop Tires without a single tire failure.

Nowhere, anywhere, no tires had ever before made this trip. Pope encountered sub-zero arctic conditions, 1500 miles of winding Robert Owen road, the rain and mud of South Africa's early morning native-settled rugged jungle roads, and murderous mountain canyon trails.

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ULTIMATE STORM

continued from page 37

just before dark, with foul-smelling but effective fish oil that had been almost over since 1945 when we left Fishersport. We also had two small drums of heavy coconut oil from Tahiti to experiment with, but it had solidified from the cold and was useless.

Nothing was set, but all of us gathered that evening in the saloon. The ship, undermanned, increasingly violent gyration and had that eerie, folk-like tremor throughout that goes with real gale winds. Through the cabin windows—buried deep in momentary, swirling great sea-pressures sky, the night—we caught a glimpse now and then of the growing moon, momentarily visible between flying clouds. I could not help thinking, as I felt the sea crash outside, of the fragile dance that made up this small ship—man and his little toy—pitted against what was outside. What was more vulnerable, what more dependent upon each individual part? I turned on the radio to drown out the noise of the storm and, surprisingly, it functioned perfectly. We listened to South American music. We made jokes about South American weather and laughed too loudly at our jokes.

At 9 p.m. I wrote in the log: "The storm is at its worst." Again I was wrong. From then on things got worse instead of better. The ship jostled more heavily from breaking crests, in spite of the oil. The shriek of wind and the vibration of the whole structure increased—but my confidence that the ship could take care of herself was still unshaken.

At 11 p.m. I told the others to try to get some rest and lay down for a final nap myself, only to be awakened a half hour later by a jarring crash as if we had been struck by a pile driver. It was obvious that I was in as trouble now and needed help. I sensed at last that this was building toward the ultimate conditions I had never before encountered but which I had always felt my ship would be called upon to meet one day. Putting on my life line, I climbed up the hatch into the roaring darkness on deck and took the wheel.

NEXT WEEK: THE ANSWER

The storm reaches its climax, and Robinson's theory is at last put to the test in forces of light for survival.

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POUND FOR THE DOGHOUSE: DREAMS REMEMBERED BEING ON MARCH 10TH AND THE DOGHOUSE WITH THE DOGS

THE DOGS' DOG SHOW

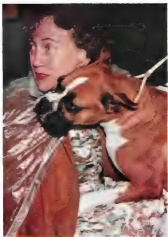
At the Morris and Essex they are the centerpiece of the show in and out of the ring

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY KIRBY

THIRTY YEARS AGO Mrs. M. Bartley Dodge, already well known as a breeder of dogs, became associated with the management of the circus. Too many of them, she felt, were beset with inconveniences like those to heat and man. Mrs. Dodge decided, therefore, to create a show of her own, with efficiency, comfort and beauty as the theme. The time would be late May, when the weather should be warm but not yet hot; the place would be the polo field on her 4,000-acre Girardin Farms in Madison, N.J., and the action would take place in multiple rings with one judge for nearly every breed so that all of the judging could be completed in the course of a single day. Her project flourished, and today the Morris and Essex Dog Show (named after two New Jersey counties) is the

largest, and hence the doggiest, dog show in the world.

This year again, on the morning of May 24th, the stage will be set for the big show. Three and a half acres of tents, more canvas than is used for any circus, will shelter from sun or rain some 3,000 dogs and their entourage. Dogs will be everywhere, nor will they have to be leashed, as at most shows. When not actually in the ring they can be paraded over the lawn or relax to their owners' content in the spacious surroundings. Dogs enjoy this seasonal dog show, too, says Mrs. Dodge Irish, and on this subject she can speak with authority. She was the first woman ever selected for the supreme and difficult task of choosing the best-in-show at New York's Westminster and has also been the owner and breeder of many a best-in-show dog.



BEAUTIFUL BONDIE (R. Hays) is of Quaker Hill, picked best dog in show, stands like lapid statue, Mrs. John F. Wagners.

PRISING BALSAMIN (Jensen) owned by Mrs. Charles Mapes jumps at her owner's 16-year-old daughter Judy after showing.



PATENT HUNTER (Jensen) (left) is a good for that is so, during the judging of the breed group, Dog is owned by Robert H. Scott.

PENOLD WELSH CORGI (Wilson) Farm Quaker, one of 27 Pembroke-Corgis in the show, relates with owner, Artist Francis L. Sullivan.





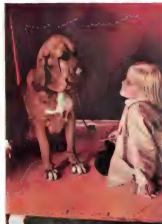
LOUISE HOBBS of Albany, Oregon, holds her pet, a black Labrador retriever, named "W. H. Hobbs".



CHAS. LINDHOLM of Los Angeles is carrying his dog, a Chihuahua, named "L. H. Lindholm".

MARI LINDEN of Los Angeles is holding her pet, a dog named "M. Lind", named after her mother.

BENNY BROWN of Los Angeles is holding his pet, a dog named "B. Brown", named after him.





AT HAWAII'S ONLY MISS JAMISON (RIGHT) GRACILELY EXHIBITS FINE POINTS OF HER VETERAN PUTTING SWING TO A GROUP OF FIFTEEN

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 81 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

SENATOR WELKER WILL OPPOSE HIGH DAMS ON IDAHO'S FAMOUS CLEARWATER RIVER

WHEN Idaho's Republican Senator Herman Welker arrived in Boise last week it was to attend a funeral. No one expected him to take a stand on one of the nation's hottest conservation issues. But take a stand he did, and for the first time.

The issue, and a painful thorn in the side of people who value the outdoors, is Senate Document 81 in which the Army Corps of Engineers outlines its proposals for dams throughout the Pacific Northwest. Included are two 600-foot-high dams on the North and Middle Forks of the Clearwater, both bitterly contested by conservationists.

According to Document 81, the proposed Bruce's Eddy and Penny Cliffs dams are vital to flood control, but critics emphasize the curious fact that since 1940 there have been only two floods on the Clearwater, contend further that the loss in wildlife values would be severe. Much of the winter range of Idaho's immense Selway elk herd would be flooded. The last unobstructed steelhead trout and salmon spawning area in the Clearwater Drainage would be blocked. And impounded water would back up into the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area. Low upstream dams, conservationists and sportsmen maintain, will serve the purpose and save the game.

Hearings on Senate Document 81 were scheduled for this month, and many Idahoans, along with state and national organizations, were prepared for a vigorous, but what they privately conceded would be a vain, battle to defeat the Bruce's Eddy and Penny Cliffs projects.

Then Senator Welker attended the funeral, and afterward unexpectedly outlined his views on the Clearwater situation in a talk with OUTDOOR WEEK Correspondent Lea Baron.

Senator Welker admitted he had been too busy to study Document 81. But if what he heard was indeed true, he could see no necessity for high dams

and would go on the record to that effect. Said Welker: "The problem is a most serious one and I intend to give it the most thorough study. An industry such as wildlife in Idaho is a vital resource to my state's economy and to the welfare of my fellow sportsmen." Then, Welker took his stand. "Before the winter range of the Selway elk herd is destroyed, and the run of steelhead and salmon stopped, there had better be a more paramount interest to the public in flood control than I can now see. Especially, when at least in my view flood control can be completely effective with upstream low dams and not high downstream storage dams."

The political facts of life are that Senator Welker stands for re-election this year and that roughly half of Idaho's 600,000 population is actively concerned with hunting and fishing. But, for the most part Idaho is likely to concede that the Senator's interest is sincere and will welcome a powerful voice that could translate despair into triumph.

PROGRESS REPORT

Twenty-eight more exist precariously in the wild. None has been hatched in captivity, but two weeks ago at New Orleans' Audubon Zoo, Josephine laid an egg (OUTDOOR WEEK, May 7). Then, as if that was not enough to send the ornithological world into a swirl, she produced another.

From Josephine's maternal department Zoo Director George Douglass is convinced both eggs are fertile and should hatch in a week or so. Meanwhile he has posted an armed guard over her nest to forestall crane- or man-made calamity. Josephine has had four previous whelps at motherhood and

continued on next page

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STRIPED BASS: ... and the fish was a good size.

CRAYFISH: ... and the fish was a good size.

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STRIPED BASS: ... and the fish was a good size.

STRIPED BASS: ... and the fish was a good size.

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Mr. J. M. ... and the fish was a good size.

A BUSINESS OF 'BRIM'

To Texas Millionaire Clint Murchison and his cronies, the pursuit of this sunfish is a disease which can only partially be cured at Koon Kreek Klub

by HELEN MARKEL

THERMIDAL, SHADY TOWN of Athens, Texas (pop. 5,300) has the enviable reputation of producing more millionaires per capita than any other place in the U.S., but, unlike most small towns whose local sons have gone away to make good, the rich ex-Athenians can't stay away. No matter how big they become, the handful that has earned Athens its reputation is helplessly drawn back to the lure of a few days' "bein' fishin'" at the Koon Kreek Klub (opposite)—an angler's paradise which, though peopled by millionaires, has managed to remain an culti-

vatedly unpretentious, in a luxurious way, as its members.

Among the old Athens residents who can never stay away for long when the brims (pronounced brim) are biting at Koon Kreek are Clinton Williams Murchison and his old-man enemy Sid Richardson, who are firmly convinced that there is no other kind of fishing.

Like its members, Koon Kreek does, of course, have its little luxuries . . . such as guides to bait the members' hooks and remove the fish therefrom—"gives a man time to do a little figuring," Murchison explains—but a stranger viewing from the right in the east Texas wilderness might mistake it for the summer headquarters of the Salvation Army. This suits Clint and the other Koon Kreekers fine. There he and Richardson and such close-knit Athenians as Oliver Ike LaRue and George Elmer spent many a weekend just loafing around the place in old clothes, playing a wild Athenian version of gin rummy, doing a little drinking and a lot of fishing—for brims, of course.

The club was founded in 1901 when gentlemen anglers from Dallas would drive the 75 miles to Athens by horse and buggy for a weekend's sport. Members who have fished around the world maintain against all odds that Koon Kreek has the best fishing in the world. Teddy Roosevelt was entertained there often, although his cousin Franklin, said a founding father recently, could never get in the front door.

Koon Kreek has a food membership of 140, who pay a relatively modest \$1,000 initiation fee and dues of \$210 a year for the privilege of fishing in one of the club's three superbly stocked lakes and eating simple food at a communal table in the main house, which is in slight need of repairs. Forty of them own their own wooden cabins on the lake which are so simple that they make Lincoln's look like the Dallas-Hilton.

Vacancies turn up only via death, and Koon's waiting list is longer than a man can cast. Murchison himself is one of the club's newest members. A few years back he got tired of hanging around waiting to get in, so he walked down the road 15 miles and found himself a nice piece of property, about 2,000 acres, which looked pretty fair, and decided to build himself a lake on it. Then he put up a model-T octagonal ranch house, a landing strip, brought in 10,000 magnolia bushes, 2,000 dogwood trees and 10,000 pine seedlings—"Clint does most everything by the ten thousands," a friend once explained—stocked the lake with

text continued on page 69



WELCOME TO TEXAS, courtesy of the club's "Koon" but fairly warm members that the resort is private property.



HARGRENSON (second) near one of Marchion's favorite fly rods when G. M. Mosier (center), assisted by friend Sam Althouse (left), tries to talk their boss into selling. Marchion (right), who never lets business interfere with pleasure, refused the offer.

"ATHLETIC DISEASE" is what Kees Kneibers calls a major preoccupation—fishing for brown, a tasty kind of local sun-fish. Below, strung-out Marchion (center) and Mosier concentrate on various businesses trying to hook into some, assisted by Deussen (third from Miller).





BOON MEET RESIDENTS: Marvin and Al, Marvin, director, and Al, Al, a senior vice-president of American Airlines, bridge home to their unassuming clubhouse in background.

the club's first clubhouse. The scene is typical of the relaxed atmosphere carefully cultivated by clubhouse members.

KOON KREEK

continued from page 48

10-year lease and invited the boys to drop by for a little fishing.

Brown tackle like Murchison maintains that these fish, which run a mere pound to a pound and a half, fight harder per ounce than any other fish around. All it takes is a rowboat, a cane rod with a wiggly worm, a small hook and infinite patience.

"With holes it's either feast or famine," Murchison says, eyes shaded by an ancient straw clover. "But sure you get over a haul of them you can't work fast enough. And then there's the eating. . . ." Donk Roberts, another Koon Kreek, is the brown fillet expert. (Gladney, Murchison's Athens place, is the compound name of Sam Gladney and Donk Roberts, both dedicated brown men.) Roberts does his precision filleting with a complex surgical instrument which the latter brought him last Christmas from the Mayo Clinic.

"After filleting," Roberts says concisely, "you just fry 'em like doughnuts in an iron pot with half a pound of butter, half a pound of Crisco and a pint of whisky all around."

Brown is a disease with all the Athenians. Some years before Clint put up his Athens place, the brown weren't running so well over at Koon, so Sam Gladney went out and built himself a brown lake. Murchison used it so much that he finally began to feel he was hogging, so he took out an oil lease on Gladney's property at a dollar an acre, the proceeds to go toward restocking the lake. They didn't get around to drilling on it for quite a spell, but one year, for the benefit of the stockholders, they put a rig on it and promptly brought in a well.

"Ruined the fishing," Gladney says reminiscently. "We all had to go back to Koon Kreek."

Murchison leaves most of the game stuff to his wife, Ginny, whom he married in 1942. He prefers light tackle and small guns. His favorite is a specially built .410 Winchester pump with a three-inch shell and seven-and-a-half shot. Richardson's working gift to the Murchisons was a matched set of Remington rifles lined with mother-of-pearl.

Ginny Murchison knows how to use hers. Like her husband, she is an expert fisherman, a crack shot and a deadly gin operator, a sport which Murchison is apt to take as seriously as tennis.

continued on next page

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KOON KREEK

By Clifford Koppelman

Though he has three sons in a job-fishing house, a candy chain, hotels, drive-in restaurants, fishing tackle and Columbia's Royal Gorge Bridge, a fourth offspring, he has yet to see. Marchionni must, his business starts up with pleasure, his retirement right, without thinks about it. When he wants to retire, he has to see the problems involved.

An all-night spectacular in a small hotel, Marchionni loves to fly a party of friends down to his 7,000-acre estate, overlooking Aurora Ranch high in Mexico's Sierra Madre mountains, where he fishes happily almost every day. It's that everybody has enough here, amusement and games to keep the game. He rarely does any more shooting himself but enjoys driving his hunting grounds personally with his own dog, which he is apt to unpredictably tag just as they take him — "Gotta give the game a fighting chance, huh?"

At the Aurora Ranch, during the wintering time and wild turkey season, and in the school of two winters south, he has entertained such acquaintances as the Rosen Yagins, Hanky Charles, Chas. E. Rose, president of Henry Holt & Co. and Pauline Morgan, with Marchionni's company, Senator Joe McCarthy and the Windows. Guests still recall the day at 40 years that Marchionni put the duke and two guides into a small boat to do a little fishing. By 7 p.m. the duke didn't returned and everybody began to get a little edge. Marchionni sent the big boat out after him, and the duke was eventually located successfully, sailing his trousers in a small green color, the guide doing the water dog.

"I really rather enjoyed myself, you know," the duke was reported to have said upon his return. "Very relaxing, a dead motor."

"Very relaxing," said the host, who is a very realist below. "Particularly at \$1,000 a word."

But for Marchionni there is no place like Koon Kreek for relaxation.

"Yes, Clint," said the latter the other day out at Koon Kreek when the house was running slow, "when you gonna retire?"

Clint Marchionni reached for another supply some girl thought for a moment.

"Same day, Ike," he said slowly, throwing out his line "but we can go" after him. **END**

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THE QUALITY OF REMEMBRANCE

Sinc:

Saturday, May 5 was indeed *A Day in Remembrance* (S1, May 14), but how far the horse race in Kentucky than for the foot race in Los Angeles. It is always disappointing if a really not first-rate favorite wins a great race such as the Kentucky Derby. The history and traditions of the event carry the horse, rather than the horse making a contribution to the stature of the race. Needles is a game, sturdy and sometimes thrilling contender, but he lacks that quality of greatness that characterizes Seamus and Nashua. Perhaps, it is Needles' second indifference. The great horses I have known—Man o' War, Native Dancer, even Tom Fool—all somehow re-created in their followers that sense of dedication to a great challenge every time they run. You could feel it physically in the paddock.

The foot race was a different affair altogether. I doubt very much whether Bailey will ever achieve a four-minute mile again, or even come close. It was his countryman's great heart and superb will to succeed that carried Bailey to greatness for a day.

Landy himself is surely one of the most interesting figures of our day. His Hamlet-like analysis of the mind and matter of striving man, his matter-of-factness and his humble uncertainties are enormously appealing in an athlete. His dedication is only surpassed by that of Bannister. As performers, only the Hungarians can come close. And as a thinking man, constantly aware of man's physical inability to achieve what his mind can conceive, John Landy is a natural philosopher of some stature.

I am retired now here in Brooklyn, but still care deeply about the world in all its aspects. The world of sport has always been my own favorite, both as a spectator and as a not too indifferent participant, from schoolboy sports to old-age golf. It was given to me by my alert daughter-in-law and I will ever be grateful to her.

GEOFFREY SMITH STEINBERG

Brooklyn

KNOW! EXTRAORDINARY

Sinc:

A PAT ON THE BACK to John Landy, the best ambassador of sport will ever be credited. He talks like an angel and runs like a demon. If Australia has any sense, they will send him to Roma next. John would accomplish more in three-plus minutes than others have in three-plus years!

JANE SNELL

Wilmington, Del.

ON THE BUTTON

Sinc:

You hit hard and straight to the bottom with your issue of May 7.

To have Needles outside in full color was a fine bit of journalism, as well as a lucky one. Congratulations also to Whitney Tower for his very good preview of the race.

HERBERT BAYARD-SHAW

New York

YOU ARE THERE

Sinc:

Very fine article, *PREVIEW: THE KENTUCKY DERBY* (S1, May 7). Although about 2,500 miles away from Louisville, I could almost smell the mint juleps and see the 86-combination starters. And when Mr. Tower had them coming down the stretch in his imaginative painting around

although I was safely ensconced in my living room—I actually reached back expecting someone to try to lift my wallet.

DAVID ROSENTHAL

Hollywood

THE SPIRIT OF HORSE AND MAN

Sinc:

Thank you for the *AMBITIOUS* picture of Omaha (S1, May 7). Not many people remember him, but since he is "revised" near my home, in Omaha, he is a very dear horse to me. I had the pleasure of seeing Omaha, one of his "girls," win her first race last year as the 11-year-old trainee, and it brought back much of the Omaha of young-o-days. Omaha is very old now but he still

has the spirit of the fine race horse he was.

Much as I love horse racing and horses, that race between men (S1, May 14) was much the greater event of Derby day. I have followed Jim Bailey fairly closely and was very happy for him, although I was a bit put out that Ron Delany was given as little credit for the pairing job he did. But then Ron Delany seems to get credit that is his due.

ALAN GOODMAN

New York

THE IMPACT OF THE BULL

Sinc:

I wish to congratulate you on your terrific coverage. It has been better than any other U.S. magazine. I would like to see another piece by John Stanton; he has to state facts the most knowledgeable and interesting of your writers on this subject, in my opinion.

It seems to be the attitude of most U.S. publications to ignore bullfighting and hope it will go away somehow, rather than attempt to understand the great interest that it holds for millions of people the world over. No one can fully understand the Latin culture or way of life without considering the impact that the corrida has had on the language, customs and art in Spain and more than half of our hemisphere.

ROBERT M. CHANWILL

Carroll, Calif.

WANTED: A CLEAR DEFINITION

Sinc:

With Ohio State and the University of Washington now running into trouble with their respective conferences in the matter of aid to athletes (E & D, May 5 and 14), I hope all the athletic conferences will take a long, realistic look at this problem. The rules or rules which each conference uses should be as uniform as possible, it seems to me. No doubt athletes have a place in colleges, and this place should be defined as honestly and clearly as possible.

F. J. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

MR. CAPE

by ALAN



Garry

that you have done in the past are illustrating this point to people throughout the country.

MARSHALL PHERRY
South Kent, Conn.

FISH STORY

Sirs:

I sure would like an explanation of how the recent picture of the brown trout was taken.

GEORGE BILLES
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

■ Photographer Wallace Kirkland fished off a section of Wisconsin's Little Belie and placed his camera inside a glass-fronted box with the lens at water level (see below). Concealing himself behind a bush and tripping the shutter electrically by cable, Kirkland was able to capture the precise moment the hooded brown trout leaped from the water. —ED.



BY APRIL IS COVER IN THE MAKING

THE ELUSIVE SILVERWORM

Sirs:

Read and enjoyed every word of your article on brown trout. In my humble opinion you have made a highly literary contribution to fresh-water game fishing.

Would you advise a source of supply for silverworms? My source of supply discontinued a year ago. Synthetics are fine for wet fly fishing, but nothing I have found can measure up for dry fly casting.

J. NORMAN BARTEN

Green Bay, Wis.

■ There is plenty of silverworm gut at Von Lengerke & Antoine (9 N. Wabash Avenue) and Marshall Field & Co. (23 E. Washington Street), both in Chicago. —ED.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

Sirs:

Thanks so much for SPANISH LUNA's "Cracker-Barred Classics" (23 May 71). Those of us who are both sports fans and women appreciate articles like this one in a while.

KAREN EGAN

North Bend



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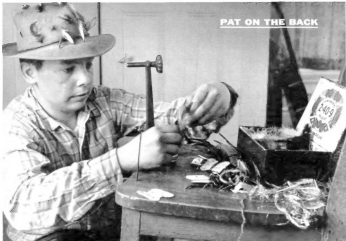
*Impartial publication survey

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PAT ON THE BACK



ROBBIE BARD

For three years, 14-year-old Robbie Bard of Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y., has been 1) tying trout flies and 2) engaging adult fishermen in the area. Robbie refuses to sell his flies (he does sell worms) and, perhaps as a result, he is the only fishermen roundabout who invariably catches his limit.

JUDY ALLEN

Judy Allen, 18, of Oakland, Calif., took up sport two years ago, but she has already been named to the women's All-America team and has broken a women's world mark that stood for 14 years. Shooting 12-, 20- and .410-gauge guns at 300 "pigeons," she broke 292 to beat the record by four.





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